

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE LOST CLUE.

I WATCH the fire burning low,  
And muse upon the dreamy past;  
Uncalled its visions come and go,  
Nor swiftly rise, nor ling'ring last.

It was not so in days of old—  
I watched not then a flick'ring flame;  
Each morn its tale of duty told,  
And noble fancies quick'ning came;

And round my life a golden thread,  
That softly bound it, still ran on;  
Unravell'd now, all worn and frayed,  
The strands hang idle, one by one.

I take them up, but cannot twine  
A constant purpose through the day;  
And that old strength—nay, was it mine  
Or hers? and with her past away?

Within the grate how dimly move  
The visionary forms, and blend!  
The gleaming slabs around, above,  
Fit framework to the pictures lend.

And ever there she moves along,  
The laughing child, the sweet, bright girl;  
Ah! did I hear a well-known song,  
That thus my pulses throb and whirl?

Mark where about a rustic porch  
The rose o'er tops the eglantine;  
Look, in the doorway's low-browed arch,  
She sits, half shadow, half in shine.

Why plays the blush along her cheek?  
Why drop the steadfast eyes so low?  
The lips are parted—doth she speak,  
Or comes the quick breath to and fro?

And all in shadow, see, there stands  
A youth that pleads,—you cannot doubt  
His pleading,—see the trembling hands  
Steal down to find each other out.

'Tis gone—how chill it is to-night!  
A flame shoots up, and through the room  
Its sudden gleams dart on, and light  
A picture hanging in the gloom;

And in the weird and mystic gleam  
The canvas glows and stirs with life;  
The sweet face smiles, the liquid beam  
Rekindles in thine eyes, dear wife;

And closer to thy mother-breast  
The dear arms strain the babe that lies  
Eneradled there;—ah, me! that nest  
Brief home it gave, brief love those eyes.

Ah, no! no love is brief—I feel  
Love cannot die—why linger here?—  
Beside thy bed, dear wife, I kneel,  
And seem thy sweet, low voice to hear,—

"Pine not dear love," it seems to say,  
"Nor let an idle sorrow quell  
The constant will, the thought, the play  
Of fancy that I love so well.

"I shall not see thee rise, nor see  
The promise of our child unfold;  
But thou wilt watch her; she will be  
More than her mother was of old.

"I could have wished—but God is good,  
How good we know not yet—and thou  
Wilt watch the child, whose womanhood  
Can know, dear heart, no mother now."

Is this a vision too? 'Tis past—  
The embers smoulder in the grate,  
And through the shutter comes at last  
The struggling day-beam, chill and late.

But through the twilight lightly falls  
A prattling voice upon my ear;  
Dear child, that tone my strength recalls,  
In thine thy mother's voice I hear.

C. U. D.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE LOST EXPEDITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

LIFT—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast,  
Folded in endless winter's chill embraces;  
Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost!  
Let us behold their faces!

In vain—the north has hid them from our sight;  
The snow their winding-sheet,—their only  
dirges

The groan of icebergs in the polar night  
Racked by the savage surges.

No funeral torches with a smoky glare  
Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces;—  
No monumental pillar tall and fair  
Towers o'er their resting-places.

But northern streamers flare the long night  
through  
Over the cliffs stupendous, fraught with peril,  
Of icebergs, tinted with a ghostly hue  
Of amethyst and beryl.

No human tears upon their graves are shed—  
Tears of domestic love, or pity holy;  
But snow-flakes from the gloomy sky o'erhead,  
Down-shuddering, settle slowly.

Yet history shrines them with her mighty dead,  
The hero-scamen of this isle of Britain,  
And, when the brighter scroll of heaven is read,  
There will their names be written!

—Macmillan's Magazine.

Dr. Martyn was to come over in the course of the ensuing day to examine Bertha, and give her guardian his opinion of her state. There was little danger of its being favorable to violent changes, for Augusta made a descent on the schoolroom after dinner, and the morbid agitation thus occasioned obliged Miss Fennimore to sit up with the patient till one o'clock. In the morning the languor was extreme, and the cough so frequent that the fear for the lungs was in the ascendant.

But Augusta, knowing of all this, believed her visit to have been most important, and immediately after breakfast summoned Robert to a conference, that he might be convinced that there must be no delay in taking measures for breaking up the present system.

"We must hear what Dr. Martyn says."

"I never thought any thing of Dr. Martyn since he advised me to leave off wine at supper. As Juliana says, a physician can always be taken in by an artful woman, and he is playing into her hands."

"Into whose?" said Robert, unable to suppose it could be Phœbe's.

"Come, Robert, you ought not to let yourself be so blinded. I am sure it is more for your interest than my own, but I see you are as simple as ever. Juliana said any one could hoodwink you by talking of altar-cloths and Anglo-Saxons."

"Anglo-Catholics, possibly."

"Well, it is all the same! It is those nonsensical distinctions, rather than your own interests; but when you are cut out, and depend upon it, she will lose no time in his state of health—"

"Of whom or what are you talking?"

"I never thought well of her, pretending to drink nothing but water; and with that short, dry way, that I call impertinence; but I never thought she could be so lost till last night! Why, when I thought I would just go and see how the child was—there, after calling himself too ill to come in to dinner, there sat Mervyn, actually drinking tea. I promise you they looked disconcerted!"

"Well they might be! Bertha suffered half the night from that sudden visit."

"And you believe that, Robert! Well! it is a convenient blind! But if you wout, we shall do our best to shame them, and if she dares it, we shall never visit her! That's all!"

Her drift here becoming revealed to Robert, his uncontrollable smile caused Augusta to swell with resentment. "Ay! nothing on earth will make you own yourself mistaken, or take the advice of your elders, though you might have had enough of upholding Phœbe's wilfulness."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"To join us all in seeing that Miss Fennimore leaves the house before us. Then I will take the girls to Brighton, and you and the Actons might keep watch over him, and if he should persist in his infatuation—why, in the state of his head, it would almost come to a commission of lunacy. Juliana said so."

"I have no doubt of it," said Robert, gravely. "I am obliged to you both, Augusta. As you observe, I am the party chiefly concerned, therefore I have a right to request that you will leave me to defend my interests as I shall see best, and that you will confide your surmise to no one else."

Robert was not easily gainsaid when he spoke in that tone, and besides, Augusta really was uncertain whether he did not seriously adopt her advice; but though silenced towards him, she did not abstain from lamenting herself to Miss Charlecote, who had come by particular request to consult with Dr. Martyn, and enforce his opinion on Mr. Crabbe. Honora settled the question by a laugh, and an assurance that Mervyn had views in another direction; but Augusta knew of so many abortive schemes for him, and believed him to be the object of so many reports, that she treated this with disdain, and much amused Honora by her matronly superiority and London patronage.

Dr. Martyn came to luncheon, and she endeavored to extort from him that indulgence hurt Bertha, and that Mervyn needed variety. Failing in this, she remembered his anti-supper advice, and privately warned Mr. Crabbe against him.

His advice threw a new light on the matter. He thought that in a few weeks' time, Bertha ought to be taken to Switzerland, and perhaps spend the winter in the south of France. Travelling gave the best hope of rousing her spirits or bracing her shattered constitution, but the utmost caution against fatigue and excitement would be requisite; she needed to be at once humored and con-

trolled, and her morbid repugnance to new attendants must be respected till it should wear off of its own accord.

Surely, this might be contrived between sister, governess, and German nurse, and if Mr. Fulmort himself would go too, it would be the best thing for his health, which needed exemption from business and excitement.

Here was playing into the governess' hands! Mindful of Juliana's injunctions, Lady Bannerman announced her intention of calling heaven and earth together rather than sanction the impropriety, and set off for her party at the sheriff's in a mood which made Phæbe tremble lest the attractions of ortolans and Burgundy should instigate the "tremendous sacrifice" of becoming chaperon.

Mervyn thought the doctor's sentence conclusive as to Miss Fennimore's plans, but to his consternation it made no change in them, except that she fixed the departure of the family as the moment of parting. Though her manner towards him had become open and friendly, she was deaf to all that he could urge, declaring that it was her duty to leave his sisters, and that the change, when once made, would be beneficial to Bertha, by removing old associations. In despair, he came to Miss Charlecote, begging her to try her powers of persuasion for the sake of poor Bertha, now his primary object, whom he treated with spoiling affection. He was quite powerless to withstand any fancy of Bertha in her present state, and not only helpless without Miss Fennimore, but having become so far used to her that for his own sake he could not endure the notion of a substitute. "Find out the objection," he said, "that at least I may know whether to punch Augusta's head."

Honora gratified him by seeking an interview with the governess, though not clear herself as to the right course, and believing that her advice, had she any to give, would go for very little with the learned governess. Miss Fennimore was soft and sad, but decided, and begging to be spared useless arguments. Whether Lady Bannerman had insulted her by hinting her suspicions, Honor could not divine, for she was firmly entrenched within her previous motive; namely, that it would be wrong to remain in a family where first her system, and then her want of vigilance, had produced such results. And

to the representation that for her own sake the present conjuncture was the worst in which she could depart, she replied that it mattered not, since she saw her own deficiencies too plainly ever to undertake again the charge of young ladies, and only intended to find employment as a teacher in a school.

"Say no more," she entreated; "and above all do not let Phæbe persuade me," and there were tears on either cheek.

"Indeed, I believe her not having done so is a most unselfish act of deference to your judgment."

"I know it for a sign of true affection! You, who know what she is, can guess what it costs me to leave her above all, now that I am one in faith with her, and could talk to her more openly than I ever dared to do; she whose example first showed me that faith is a living substance! Yes, Miss Charlecote, I am to be received into the Church at St. Wulstan's, where I shall be staying, as soon as I have left Beauchamp."

Overcome with feeling, Honora hastily rose and kissed the governess' forehead, her tears choking her utterance. "But—but," she presently said, "that removes all possible doubt. Does not Robert say so?"

"He does," said Miss Fennimore; "but I cannot think so. After having miserably infused my own temper of rationalism, how could I, as a novice and learner, fitly train that poor child? Besides, others of the family justly complain of me, and I *will* not be forced on them. No, nor let my newly won blessing be alloyed by bringing me any present advantage."

"I honor you—I agree with you," said Miss Charlecote, sadly; "but it makes me the more sorry for those poor girls. I do not see what is to be done! A stranger will be worse than no one to both the invalids; Lieschen has neither head nor nerve; and though I do not believe Phæbe will ever give way, Bertha behaves very ill to her, and the strain of anxiety may be too much for such a mere girl, barely twenty! She may suffer for it afterwards, if not at the time."

"I feel it all," sighed Miss Fennimore; "but it would not justify me in letting myself be thrust on a family whose confidence in me has been deceived. Nobody could go with them but you, Miss Charlecote."

"Me! how much obliged Mervyn would be," laughed Honora.



"It was a wild wish, such as crosses the mind in moments of perplexity and distress; but no one else could be so welcome to my poor Bertha, nor be the motherly friend they all require. Forgive me, Miss Charlecote; but I have seen what you made of Phœbe, in spite of me and my system."

So Honor returned to announce the ill-success of her mission.

"There!" said Mervyn; "goodness knows what will become of us! Bertha would go into fits at the sight of any stranger; and such a hideous old catamaran as Juliana will be sure to have in pickle, will be the death of her outright. I think Miss Charlecote had better take pity on us!"

"O Mervyn, impossible!" cried Phœbe, shocked at his audacity.

"I protest," said Mervyn, "nothing else can save you from some nasty, half-bred companion! Faugh! Now, Miss Charlecote would enjoy the trip, put Maria and Bertha to bed, and take you to operas and pictures and churches, and you would all be off my hands?"

"For shame, Mervyn," cried Phœbe, crimson at his cavalier manner.

"It is the second such compliment I have received, Phœbe," said Honor. "Miss Fennimore does me the honor to tell me to be her substitute."

"Then if she says so," said Mervyn, "it is our only rescue!"

If Honor laughed, it was not that she did not think. As she crossed the park, she felt that each bud of spring beauty, each promised crop, each lamb, each village child, made the proposal the more unwelcome; yet that the sense of being rooted, and hating to move, ought to be combated. It might hardly be treating Humfrey's "goodly heritage" aright, to make it an excuse for abstaining from an act of love; and since Brooks attended to her so little when at home, he could very well go on without her. Not that she believed that she should be called on to decide. She did not think Mervyn in earnest, or suppose that he would encumber himself with a companion who could not be set aside like a governess, and was of an age more "proper" and efficient than agreeable. His unceremonious manner proved sufficiently that it was a mere joke, and he would probably laugh his loud, scoffing laugh at the old maid taking him in earnest. Yet she could not rid herself of the thought of Phœbe's difficulties, and in poor

Bertha, she had the keen interest of nurse towards patient.

"Once before," she thought, "have I gone out of the beaten track upon impulse. Cruel consequences! Yet do I repent? Not of the act, but of the error that ensued. Then I was eager, young, romantic. Now I would rather abstain: I am old and sluggish. If it is to be, it will be made plain. I do not distrust my feeling for Phœbe—it is not the jealous, hungering love of old; and I hope to be able to discern whether this be an act of charity! At least, I will not take the initiative. I did so last time."

Honor's thoughts and speculations were all at Beauchamp throughout the evening and the early morning, till her avocations drove it out of her mind. She was busy, trying hard to get her own way with her bailiff as to the crops, when she was interrupted by tidings that Mr. Fulmort was in the drawing-room; and concluding it to be Robert, she did not hurry her argument upon guano. On entering the room, however, she was amazed at beholding not Robert, but his brother, cast down in an arm-chair, and looking thoroughly tired out.

"Mervyn! I did not expect to see you!"

"Yes, I just walked over. I thought I would report progress. I had no notion it was so far."

And in fact he had not been at the Holt since, as a pert boy, he had found it "slow." Honor was rather alarmed at his fatigue, and offered varieties of sustenance, which he declined, returning with eager nervousness to the subject in hand.

The Bannermans, he said, had offered to go with Bertha and Phœbe, but only on condition that Maria was left at a boarding-house, and a responsible governess taken for Bertha. Moreover, Augusta had told Bertha herself what was impending, and the poor child had laid a clinging, trembling grasp on his arm, and hoarsely whispered that if a stranger came to hear her story, she would die. Alas! it might be easier than before. He had promised never to consent. "But what can I do?" he said, with a hand upon either temple; "they heed me no more than Maria!"

Robert had absolutely half consented to leave his cure in the charge of another, and conduct his brother and sisters, but this plan did not satisfy the guardian, who could not

send out his wards without some reliable female.

He swung the tassel of the sofa-cushion violently as he spoke, and looked imploringly at Honora, but she, though much moved, felt obliged to keep her resolution of not beginning.

"Very hard," he said, "that when there are but two women in the world that that poor child likes, she can have neither!" and then, gaining hope from something in her face, he exclaimed, "After all, I do believe you will take pity on her!"

"I thought it too good to be true."

"I thought it too good to be true! I am not so cool as Phæbe thought me. But really," he said, assuming an earnest, rational, gentlemanly manner, "you have done so much for us that perhaps it makes us presume, and though I know it is preposterous, yet if it were possible to you to be long enough with poor Bertha to bring her round again, I do believe it would make an infinite difference."

"What does Phæbe say?" asked Honor.

"Phæbe, poor child, she does not know I am come. She looks as white as death, and got up a smile that was enough to make one cry, but she told me not to mind, for something would be sure to bring it right; and so it will, if you will come."

"But, Mervyn, you don't consider what a nuisance I shall be to you."

Mervyn looked more gallant than Robert ever could have done, and said something rather foolish; but anxiety quickly made him natural again, and he proceeded, "After all, they need not bother you much. Phæbe is of your own sort, and Maria is inoffensive, and Bertha will have Lieschen, and I—I'll take my own line, and be as little of a bore as I can. You'll go?"

"If—if it will do."

That odd answer was enough. Mervyn, already leaning forward with his arm on his knees, held out one hand, and shaded his eyes with the other, as, half with a sob, he said, "There, then, it is all right! Miss Charlecote, you can't guess what it is to a man not to be trusted with his own sisters!"

These words made that *bête noire*, John Mervyn Fulmort, nearly as much a child of her own as his brother and sister; for they were in a tone of self-blame—not of resentment.

She was sufficiently afraid of him to respect his reserve; moreover, he looked so ill and harassed that she dreaded his having an attack, and heartily wished for Phæbe, so she only begged him to rest till after her early dinner, when she would convey him back to Beauchamp; and then left him alone, while she went to look her undertaking in the face, rather amused to find herself his last resource, and surprised to find her spirit of enterprise rising, her memories of Alps, lakes, cathedrals, and pictures fast assuming the old charm that had erst made her long to see them again. And with Phæbe! Really it would be almost a disappointment if the scheme failed.

When she again met her unwonted guest he plunged into plans, routes, and couriers, treating her as far more completely puzzled than she chose to allow; and eating as heartily as he dared, and more so than she thought Phæbe would approve. She was glad to have him safe at his own door, where Phæbe ran to meet them, greatly relieved, for she had been much disturbed by his absence at luncheon.

"Miss Charlecote! Did you meet him?"

"I went after her"—and Mervyn boyishly caught his sister round the waist, and pushed her down into a courtesy—"make your obedience; she is going to look after you all."

"Going with us!" cried Phæbe, with clasped hands.

"To see about it," began Honor, but the words were strangled in a transported embrace.

"Dearest, dearest Miss Charlecote! Oh, I knew it would all come right if we were patient; but, oh! that it should be so right! O Mervyn, how could you?"

"Ah! you see what it is not to be faint-hearted." And Phæbe, whose fault was certainly not a faint heart, laughed at this poor jest, as she had seldom laughed before, with an *abandon* of gayety and joyousness. The quiet girl was absolutely thrown off her balance, laughed and cried, thanked and exclaimed, moved restlessly, and spoke incoherently.

"Oh! may I tell Bertha?" she asked.

"No, I'll do that," said Mervyn. "It is all my doing."

"Run after him, Phæbe," said Honor. "Don't let Bertha think it settled!"

And Bertha was, of course, disappointingly indifferent.

Lady Bannerman's nature was not capable of great surprise, but Miss Charlecote's proposal was not unwelcome. "I did not want to go," she said; "though dear Sir Nicholas would have made any sacrifice, and it would have looked so for them to have gone alone. Travelling with an invalid is so trying, and Phœbe made such a rout about Maria, that Mr. Crabbe insisted on her going. But you like the kind of thing."

Honor undertook for her own taste for the kind of thing, and her ladyship continued, "Yes, you must find it uncommonly dull to be so much alone. Where did Juliana tell me she had heard of Lucy Sandbrook?"

"She is in Staffordshire," answered Honor, gravely.

"Ah, yes, with Mrs. Willis Beaumont; I remember. Juliana made a point of letting her know all about it, and how you were obliged to give her up."

"I hope not," exclaimed Honor, alarmed. "I never gave her up! There is no cause but her own spirit of independence that she should not return to me to-morrow."

"Oh, indeed," said Augusta, carelessly letting the subject drop, after having implanted anxiety too painful to be quelled by the hope that Lady Acton's neighborhood might have learned how to rate her words.

Mr. Crabbe was satisfied and complimentary; Robert, rejoiced and grateful; and Bertha, for the first time, set her will upon recovering, and made daily experiments on her strength, thus quickly amending, though still her weakness and petulance needed the tenderest management, and once when a doubt arose as to Miss Charlecote's being able to leave home, she suddenly withered up again, with such a recurrence of unfavorable symptoms as proved how precarious was her state.

It was this evidence of the necessity of the arrangement that chiefly contributed to bring it to pass. When the pressure of difficulty lessened, Mervyn was half ashamed of his own conquest, disliked the obligation, and expected to be bored by "the old girl," as, to Phœbe's intense disgust, he would speak of Miss Charlecote. Still, in essentials he was civil and considerate, and Honor carefully made it evident that she did not mean to obtrude herself, and expected him to sit loose

to the female part of the company. Divining that he would prefer the start from home not to be simultaneous, and also favoring poor Bertha's shuddering horror of the direct line of railway to London, she proposed that the ladies should work their way by easy journeys on cross lines to Southampton, whilst Mervyn settled his affairs at the office, and then should come to them with Robert, who had made it possible to take an Easter holiday in which to see them safe to their destination in Switzerland.

Phœbe tried to acquiesce in Miss Charlecote's advice to trust Mervyn's head to Robert's charge, and not tease him with solicitude; but the being debarred from going to London was a great disappointment. She longed for a sight of St. Matthew's; and what would it not have been to see the two brothers there like brothers indeed? But she must be content with knowing that so it was. Mervyn's opposition was entirely withdrawn, and though he did not in the least comprehend and was far from admiring his brother's aims, still his name and his means were no longer withheld from supporting Robert's purposes, "because he was such a good fellow, it was a shame to stand in his way." She knew, too, rather by implication than confession, that Mervyn imagined his chief regrets for the enormous extravagance of the former year, were because he had thus deprived himself of the power of buying a living for his brother, as compensation for having kept him out of his father's will. Whether Mervyn would ever have made the purchase, and still more whether Robert would have accepted it, was highly doubtful, but the intention was a step for which to be thankful; and Phœbe watched the growing friendliness of the long-estranged pair with constantly new delight, and anticipated much from Mervyn's sight of St. Matthew's with eyes no longer jaundiced.

She would gladly, too, have delayed the parting with Miss Fennimore, who had made all her arrangements for a short stay with her relatives in London, and then for giving lessons at a school. To Phœbe's loyal spirit, it seemed hard that even Miss Charlecote's care should be regarded as compensating for the loss of the home friend of the last seven years, and the closer, dearer link was made known as she sat late over the fire with the governess on Easter Sunday evening, their last at

Beauchamp. Silent hitherto, Miss Fennimore held her peace no longer, but begged Phœbe to think of one who on another Sunday would no longer turn aside from the altar. Phœbe lifted her eyes, full of hope and inquiry, and as she understood, exclaimed, "Oh, I am glad! I knew you must have some deep, earnest reason for not being with us."

"You never guessed?"

"I never tried. I saw that Robert knew, so I hoped."

"And prayed?"

"Yes, you belonged to me."

"Do I belong to you now?"

"Nay, more than ever now."

"Then, my child, you never traced my unsettled faith?—my habit of testing mystery by reason never perplexed you?"

Phœbe thought a moment, and said, "I knew that Robert distrusted, though I never asked why. There was a time when I used to try to sift the evidence and logic of all I learnt, and I was puzzled where faith's province began and reasoning ended. But when our first sorrow came, all the puzzles melted, and it was not worth while to argue on realities that I felt. Since that, I have read more, and seen where my own ignorance made my difficulties, and I have prized—yes, adored, the truths all the more because you had taught me to appreciate in some degree their perfect foundation on reasoning."

"Strange," said Miss Fennimore, "that we should have lived together so long, acting on each other, yet each unconscious of the other's thoughts. I see now. What to you was not doubt, but desire for a reason for your hope, became in poor Bertha, not disbelief, but contempt and carelessness of what she did not feel. I shall never have a sense of rest, till you can tell me that she enters into your faith. I am chiefly reconciled to leaving her, because I trust that in her enfeebled, dependent state, she may become influenced by Miss Charlecote and by you."

"I cannot argue with her," said Phœbe. "When she is well, she can always puzzle me; I lose her when she gets to her *ego*. You are the only one who can cope with that."

"The very reason for keeping away. Don't argue. Live and act. That was your lesson to me."

Phœbe did not perceive, and Miss Fennimore loved her freedom from self-consciousness too well even for gratitude's sake to molest her belief that the conversion was solely owing to Robert's powers of controversy.

That one fleeting glimpse of inner life was the true farewell. The actual parting was a practical matter of hurry of trains, and separation of parcels, with Maria too busy with the Maltese dog to shed tears, or even to perceive that this was a final leave-taking with one of those whom she best loved.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"Tak down, tak down the mast of gowd,  
Set up the mast of tree,  
It sets not a forsaken lady  
To sail so gallantly."

ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"QUAINT little white-capped objects! The St. Wulstan's girls marching to St. Paul's! Ah! the banner I helped to work! How well I remember the contriving that crozier upon it! How well it has worn! Sweet Honey must be in London; it was the sight she most grudged missing!"

So thought Lucilla Sandbrook as a cab conveyed her through the Whittingtonian intricacies.

Her residence with Mrs. Willis Beaumont was not a passage in her life on which she loved to dwell. Neither party had been well content with the other, though deference to Mrs. Prendergast had held them together. The lady herself was worthy and kind-hearted, but dull and tedious; and Lucilla, used to animation and intellect, had wearied excessively of the platitudes which were meant as friendly conversation, while her keen remarks and power of drollery and repartee were just sufficiently perceived to be dreaded and disliked. The children were like their mother, and were frightened and distressed by her quickness and unreasonable expectations. Their meek, demure heaviness and complacency, even at their sports, made her positively dislike them, all but one scapegrace boy, in favor with no one, and whom she liked more from perverseness and compassion than from any merits of his own. Lady Acton's good offices gave the widow a tangible cause, such as was an absolute satisfaction, for her antipathy, and shook the implicit trust in Mrs. Prendergast's recommendation that had

hitherto overridden her private sentiments; yet still, habitual awe of her sister-in-law, and her own easiness and dread of change, left things in the same state until a crisis caused by a grand disturbance among the children. In the nice matter of meting out blame, mamma's partiality and the children's ungenerosity, left an undue share upon the scapegrace; his indignant partisan fought his battles "not wisely but too well," lost temper, and uttered sarcastic home truths which startled and stung the lady into the request for which she could hardly have nerved herself in cooler moments; namely, that they might part.

This settled, each secretly felt that there was something to be regretted, and both equally wished that a new engagement should be made before the termination of the present should be made known at Southminster. For this purpose, every facility had been given for Miss Sandbrook's coming to town personally to answer two ladies to whom she had been mentioned. A family in the neighborhood had already been tried, but had declined her, and Mrs. Beaumont had shown her the note; "so stylish, such strange stories afloat." Lucilla felt it best to break upon new ground, and wounded and depressed, had yet resentment enough to bear her through boldly. She wished to inspect Owen's child, and wrote to ask Mrs. Murrell to give her a bed for a couple of nights, venturing on this measure because, in the old woman's monthly report, she had mentioned that Mr. Fulmort had gone abroad for a fortnight.

It had not been an exhilarating evening. Small children were not much to Lucilla's taste, and her nephew was not a flattering specimen. He had the whitened, drawn-up appearance of a child who had spent most of his life in a London cellar, with a pinched little visage and preternatural-looking black eyes, a squeaky little fretful voice, and all the language he had yet acquired decidedly cockney. Moreover, he had the habits of a spoilt child, and that a vulgar one, and his grandmother expected his aunt to think him a prodigy. There was a vacant room where Lucilla passed as much of her time as she could without an assumption of superiority, but she was obliged to spend the evening in the small, furniture-encumbered parlor, and hear by turns of her nephew's traits of

genius, of the merits of the preachers in Cat-alley, and the histories of the lodgers. The motherly Mrs. Murrell had invited any of the young men whose "hearts might be touched" to attend her "simple family worship;" and to Lucilla's discomfiture and her triumph, a youth appeared in the evening, and the young lady had her doubts whether the expounding were the attraction.

It was a relief to quit the close, underground atmosphere even for a cab; and "an inspecting lady must be better than that old woman," thought poor Lucy, as, heartily weary of Mrs. Murrell's tongue and her own graciousness, she rattled through the streets. Those long ranks of charity children renewed many an association of old. The festival which had been the annual event of Honor Charlecote's youth, she had made the same to her children, and Cilla had not despised it till recently. Thoughts of better days, of home-feelings, of tenderness, began to soften her. She had spent nearly two years without the touch of a kindred hand, and for many months past had been learning what it was to be looked at by no loving eye. She was on her way to still greater strangers! No wonder her heart yearned to the gentle voice that she had once spurned, and wellnigh in spite of herself, she muttered,—

"Really I do think a kiss of poor Honor would do me good! I have a great mind to go to her when I come back from Kensington. If I have taken a situation she cannot suppose that I want any thing from her. It would be very comfortable; I should hear of Owen! I will go! Even if she be not in town, I could talk to Mrs. Jones, and sit a quarter of an hour in the cedar room! It would be like meeting Owen: it would be rest and home!"

She felt quite happy and pleased with herself under this resolution, but it was late before she could put it in practice. The lady at Kensington rather started on entering the room where she had been waiting nearly an hour. "I thought—" she said, apologetically, "Did my servant say Miss Sandbrook?"

Lucilla assented, and the lady, a little discomposed, asked a few questions, furtively surveying her all the time, seemed confused, then begged her to take some luncheon. It was so long since Mrs. Murrell's not very tempting breakfast, that the invitation was welcome, even though the presence of a gen-



tleman and an elderly lady showed that it was a pretext for a family inspection, and again she detected the same start of surprise, and a glance passing round the circle, such as made her glad when afterwards an excuse was made for leaving her alone, that she might apply to the glass to see whether anything were amiss in her dress.

Then first she remarked that hers was not the governess air. She had long felt very virtuous for having spent almost nothing on her clothes, eking out her former wardrobe to the utmost; and the loose, dove-colored jacket over her black silk skirt betrayed Parisian make, as did the exquisite rose, once worn in her hair, and now enlivening the white ribbon and black lace of the cheap straw bonnet, far back upon the rippling hair turned back from her temples, and falling in profuse ringlets. It was her ordinary, unpremeditated appearance, but she perceived that to these good people it was startlingly stylish, and she was prepared for the confused intimation that there was no need for entering upon the discussion of terms.

She had been detained too late to make her other call, and the processions of tired children showed her that the service at St. Paul's was over. The depression of disappointment inclined her the more to the loving old face, and she caused herself to be set down at the end of Woolstone Lane, feeling as if drawn by a magnet as she passed the well-known warehouse walls, and as if it were home indeed when she reached the court door.

It would not yield to her intimate manipulation of the old latch—a bad sign, and the bell re-echoed in vacancy. Again and again she rang, each moment of exclusion awakening a fresh yearning towards the cedar fragrance, every stare of passer-by making her long for the safe shelter of the bay-windowed parlor. At last a step approached, and a greeting for the friendly old servant was on her tongue's end. Alas! a strange face met her eye, elderly, respectable, but guarded. Miss Charlecote was not at home, not in town, not at Miltonbury—gone abroad, whither was not known. Mrs. Jones? Dead more than a year ago. Every reply was followed by an attempt to close the door, and it needed all Lucy's native hardihood, all her ardent craving for her former home, to venture on an entreaty to be admitted for a few minutes. She

was answered that the house might be shown to no one without orders from Mr. Parsons.

Her heart absolutely fainted within her, as the heavy door was closed on her, making her thoroughly realize her voluntary renunciation of home and protection, and the dreariness of the world on which she had cast herself. Anxiety on Honor's behalf began to awaken. Nothing but illness could have induced her to leave her beloved Holt, and in the thought of her sick, lonely, and untended by the children she had fostered, Cilla forgave her adoption forgave her forgiveness, forgave every thing, in the impulse to hasten to her to requite the obligation by the tenderest care.

She had actually set off to the parsonage in quest of intelligence, when she recollected that she might appear there as a discarded governess in quest of her offended patroness; and her pride impelled her to turn back, but she despatched Mrs. Murrell's little maid with a note, saying that, being in town for a day, and hearing of Miss Charlecote's absence on the continent, she could not help begging to be certified that illness was not the cause. The reply was brief and formal, and it only altered Lucilla's uneasiness, for Mrs. Parsons merely assured her of Miss Charlecote's perfect health, and said she was gone abroad with the Fulmort family, where there had been a good deal of illness.

In her displeasure and desire to guard Honor from becoming a prey to the unworthy Sandbrooks, Mrs. Parsons never guessed at the cruelty of her own words, and at the conclusion drawn from them. Robert Fulmort likewise absent! No doubt his health had broken down, and Honor was taking Phœbe to be with him! She examined Mrs. Murrell, and heard of his activity, indeed, but of his recent absences from his parish, and by and by the good woman bethought her of a report that Mr. Fulmort was from home on account of his health. Oh, the misery of not daring to make direct inquiry!

But the hard practical world was before her, and the new situation was no longer a matter of wilful choice, but of dire necessity. She would not be hastily thrust from her present post, and would be lovingly received at Southminster in case of need, but she had no dependence save on her own exertions, and perverse romance had died away into desolateness. With strange, desperate vehemence, and determination not again to fail, she bought



the plainest of cap-fronts, reduced her bonnet to the severest dowdiness, hid, straightened, tightened the waving pale gold of her hair, folded her travelling shawl old-womanishly, cast aside all the merely ornamental, and glancing at herself, muttered, "I did not know I could be so insignificant!" Little Owen stared as if his beautiful aunt had lost her identity, and Mrs. Murrell was ready to embrace her as a convert to last night's exposition.

Perhaps the trouble was wasted, for the lady, Mrs. Bostock, did not seem to be particular. She was quite young, easily satisfied, and only eager to be rid of an embarrassing interview of a kind new to her; the terms were fixed, and before many weeks had passed Lucilla was settled at a cottage of gentility, in sight of her Thames, but on the Essex side, where he was not the same river to her, and she found herself as often thinking that those tainted waters had passed the garden in Woolstone Lane as that they had sparkled under Wrapworth Bridge.

It was the greatest change she had yet undergone. She was entirely the governess, never the companion of the elders. Her employers were mercantile, wrapped up in each other, busy, and gay. The husband was all day in London, and, when the evenings were not given to society, preferred spending them alone with his wife and children. In his absence, the nursery absorbed nearly all the time the mother could spare from her company and her household. The children, who were too old for playthings, were consigned to the first-rate governess, and only appeared in the evening. Lucilla never left her schoolroom but for a walk, or on a formal request to appear in the drawing-room at a party; a solitude which she at first thought preferable to Mrs. Willis Beaumont's continual small chatter, especially as the children were pleasant, brisk, and lovable, having been well broken in by their Swiss *bonne*.

Necessity had trained Cilly in self-restraint, and the want of surveillance made her generous nature the more scrupulous in her treatment of her pupils; she taught them diligently, kept good order, won their affection and gave them some of her own, but nothing could obviate her growing weariness of holding intercourse with no mind above eleven years old. Trouble and anxiety she had known before,

and even the terrible heartache that she carried about with her might have failed to wear down a being constituted as she was, without the long, solitary evenings, and the total want of companionship. The first shock had been borne by the help of bustle and change, and it was only as weeks passed on, that care and depression grew upon her. Lessons, walks, children's games were oppressive in turn, and though the last good-night was a welcome sound, yet the solitude that ensued was unspeakably forlorn. Reading she had never loved, even had this been a house of books; the children were too young to need exertion on her part to keep in advance of them, and their routine lessons wore out her energies too much for her to turn to her own resources. She did little but repair her wardrobe, work for the boy in Whittington Street, and let thoughts drift through her mind. That death-bed scene at Hyères, which had so often risen unbidden to her mind as she lay on her crib, was revived again, but it was not her father whose ebbing life she watched. It was one for whom she durst not ask, save by an inquiry from her brother, who had never dropped his correspondence with Honora; but Owen was actively employed, and his locality and habits were so uncertain that his letters were often astray for long together. His third year of apprenticeship had begun, and Lucilla's sole hope of a change from her present dreary captivity was in his either returning with Mr. Currie, or finding employment and sending for her and his child to Canada. "By that time," she thought, "Europe will contain nothing to me. Nay, what does it contain that I have a right to care for now? I don't delude myself. I know his look and manner. His last thought will be for his flock at St. Matthew's, not for her who drove him to the work that has been killing him. Oh, no, he won't even forgive me, for he will think it the greatest service I could have done him." Her eyes were hot and dry; what a relief would tears have been!

#### CHAPTER XII.

"Enid, my early and my only love,  
I thought, but that your father came between,  
In former days you saw me favorably,  
And if it were so, do not keep it back,  
Make me a little happier, let me know it."

—TENNYSON.

THE foreign tour proved a great success. The summer in the Alps was delightful. The

complete change gave Bertha new life, bodily strength first returning, and then mental activity. The glacier system was a happy exchange for her *ego*, and she observed and enjoyed with all the force of her acute intelligence and spirit of inquiry, while Phœbe was happy in doing her duty by profiting by all opportunities of observation, in taking care of Maria and listening to Mervyn, and Miss Charlecote enjoyed scenery, poetry, art, and natural objects with relish keener than even that of her young friends, who were less impressible to beauty in every shape.

Mervyn behaved very well to her, knowing himself bound to make the journey agreeable to her; he was constantly kind to Bertha, and in the pleasure of her revival submitted to a wonderful amount of history and science. All his grumbling was reserved for the private ear of Phœbe, whose privilege it always was to be his murmuring block, and who was only too thankful to keep to herself his discontents whenever his route was not chosen (and often when it was), his disgusts with inns, railroads, and sights, and his impatience of all pursuits save Bertha's. Many a time she was permitted to see and hear nothing but how much he was bored, but on the whole the growls were so mitigated compared with what she had known, that it was almost contentment; and that he did not absolutely dislike their habits was plain from his adherence to the ladies, though he might have been quite independent of them.

Bertha's distortion of eye and hesitation of speech, though much modified, always recurred from fatigue, excitement, or meeting with strangers, or—still worse—with acquaintance. The difficulty of utterance distressed her far more than if she had been subject thereto from infancy, and increased her exceeding repugnance to any sort of society beyond her own party. The question whether she were fit to return home for the winter was under debate, when at Geneva, early in September, tidings reached the travellers that produced such a shock as to settle the point.

Juliana Acton was dead! It had been a very short attack of actual illness, but disease had long been secretly preying on her—and her asperity of disposition might be accounted for by constant, unavowed suffering. It was a great blow. Her unpleasant qualities were all forgiven in the dismay of

learning what their excuse had been; for those who have so lived as to make themselves least missed, are perhaps at the first moment the more mourned by good hearts for that very cause.

Augusta was so much terrified on her own account, that she might almost have been made a hydropathist on the spot; and Robert wrote that poor Sir Bevil was perfectly overwhelmed with grief and self-reproach, giving himself no credit for his exemplary patience and forbearance, but bitterly accusing himself of hardness and neglect. These feelings were shared in some degree by all the others, and Mervyn was especially affected. There had been much to soften him since his parents' death, and the sudden loss of the sister with whom he had always been on terms of scorn and dislike, shocked him excessively, and drew him closer to the survivors, sobering him, and silencing his murmurs for the time in real grief and awe. Bertha likewise was thoroughly overcome, not so much by these feelings, as by the mere effect of the sudden tidings on her nervous temperament, and the overclouding of the cheerfulness that had hitherto surrounded her. This, added to a day of over-fatigue and exposure, brought back such a recurrence of unfavorable symptoms, that a return to an English winter was not to be thought of. The south of France was decided upon at once, and, as Lucilla had truly divined, Honor Charlecote's impulse led them to Hyères, that she might cast at least one look at the grave in the Stranger's corner of the cypress-grown burial-ground, where rested the beloved of her early days, the father of the darlings of her widowed heart—loved and lost.

She endured her absence from home far better than she had expected, so much easier was it to stay away than to set off, and so completely was she bound up with her companions, loving Phœbe like a parent, and the other two like a nurse, and really liking the brother. All took delight in the winter paradise of Hyères, that fragments of the East set down upon the French coast, and periodically peopled with a motly multitude of visitors from all the lands of Europe, all invalids, or else attendants on invalids.

Bertha still shrank from all contact with society, and the ladies, for her sake, lived entirely apart; but Mervyn made acquaintance,

and sometimes went out on short expeditions with other gentlemen, or to visit his mercantile correspondents at Marseilles, or other places on the coast.

It was while he was thus absent that the three sisters stood one afternoon on the paved terrace of the *Hotel des Isles d'Or*, which rose behind them, in light-colored stone, of a kind of Italian-looking architecture, commanding a lovely prospect, the mountains on the Toulon side, though near, melting into vivid blue, and white cloud wreaths hanging on their slopes. In front lay the plain, covered with the peculiar graytinted olive foliage, overtopped by date palms, and sloping up into rounded hills covered with dark pines, the nearest to the sea bearing on its crest the Church *de l'Ermitage*. The sea itself was visible beyond the olives, bordered by a line of *étangs* or pools, and white heaps of salt, and broken by a peninsula and the three Isles d'Or. It was a view of which Bertha seemed never able to have enough, and she was always to be found gazing at it when the first ready for a walk.

"What, are you going to sketch, Phœbe?" she said, as the sisters joined her. "How can you, on such a day as this, with the air, as it were, loaded with cheiranthus smell? It makes one lazy to think of it!"

"It seems to be a duty to preserve some remembrance of this beautiful place."

"It may be a pity to miss it, but as for the duty!"

"What, not to give pleasure at home, and profit by opportunities?"

"It is too hard to carry about an embodiment of Miss Fennimore's rules? Why, have you no individuality, Phœbe?"

"Must I not sketch, then?" said Phœbe, smiling.

"You are very welcome, if you would do it for your pleasure, not as an act of bondage."

"Not as bondage," said Phœbe; "it is only because I ought that I care to do so at all."

"And that's the reason you only make maps of the landscape."

It was quite true that Phœbe had no accomplished turn, and what had been taught her she only practised as a duty to the care and cost expended on it, and these were things where "all her might" was no equiv-

alent for a spark of talent. "Ought" alone gave her the zest that Bertha would still have found in "ought not."

"It is all I can do," she said, "and Miss Fennimore may like to see them; so, Bertha, I shall continue to carry the sketch-book by which the English woman is known like the man by his 'Murray.' Miss Charlecote has letters to write, so we must go out by ourselves."

The Provençal natives of Hyères had little liking for the foreigners who thronged their town, but did not molest them, and ladies walked about freely in the lovely neighborhood, so that Honor had no scruple in sending out her charges, unaccompanied except by Lieschen, in case the two others might wish to dispose of Maria, while they engaged in some pursuit beyond her powers.

Poor Lieschen, a plump Prussian, grown portly on Beauchamp good living, had little sympathy with the mountain tastes of her frauleins, and would have wished all Hyères like the shelf on the side of the hill where stood their hotel, whence the party set forth to the Place des Palmiers, so called from six actual palms bearing, but not often ripening, dates. Two sides were enclosed by houses, on a third an orange garden sloped down the descent; the fourth, where the old town climbed straight up the hill, was regarded by poor Lieschen with dread, and she vainly persuaded Maria at least to content herself with joining the collection of natives resting on the benches beneath the palms. How willingly would the good German have produced her knitting, and sought a compatriot among the nurses who sat gossiping and embroidering, while Maria might have played among their charges, who were shovelling about, or pelted each other with the tiny white sea-washed pebbles that thickly strewed the place.

But Maria, with the little Maltese dog in her arms, to guard him from a hailstorm of the pebbles, was inexorably bent on following her sisters, and Bertha had hurried nervously across from the strangers, so that Lieschen must pursue those light steps through the winding staircase streets, sometimes consisting of broad, shallow steps, sometimes of actual flights of steep stairs hewn out in the rock, leading to a length of level terrace, where, through garden gates, orange trees looked out, dividing the vantage ground with houses

and rocks—up further, past the almost desolate old church of St. Paul—further again—till, beyond all the houses, they came forth on the open mountain-side, with a crest of rock far above, surmounted by the ruins of a castle, said to have been fortified by the Saracens and taken from them by Charles Martel. It was to this castle that Phœbe's sketching duty was to be paid, and Maria and Bertha expressed their determination of climbing up to it, in hopes, as the latter said, of finding Charles Martel's original hammer. Lieschen, puffing and panting already, looked horrified, and laughingly they bade her sit down and knit, whilst they set out on their adventure. Phœbe smiled as she looked up, and uttered a prognostic that made Bertha the more defiant, exhilarated as she was by the delicious compound of sea and mountain breeze, and by the exquisite view, the roofs of the town sloping rapidly down, and the hills stretching round, clothed in pine woods, into which the gray olivettes came stealing up, while beyond lay the sea, intensely blue, and bearing on its bosom the three Isles d'Or, flushed with radiant color.

The sisters bravely set themselves to scramble among the rocks, each surface turned to the sea breeze exquisitely and fantastically tinted by colored lichens, and all interspersed with the classical *acanthus*' noble leaves, the juniper, and the wormwood. On they went, winding upwards as Bertha hoped, but also sideways, and their circuit had lasted a weary while, and made them exhausted and breathless, when looking round for their bearings, they found themselves in an enchanted maze of gray rocks, half hidden in myrtle, beset by the bristly battledores of prickly pear, and shaded by cork trees. Above was the castle, perched up, and apparently as high above them as when they began their enterprise; below was a steep descent, clothed with pines and adorned with white heaths. The place was altogether strange; they had lost themselves; Bertha began to repent of her adventure, and Maria was much disposed to cry.

"Never mind, Maria," said Bertha, "we will not try to go any higher. See, here is the dry bed of a torrent that will make a famous path down. There, that's right. What a picture it is! what an exquisite peep of the sea between the boughs! What now, what frightens you?"

"The old woman, she looks so horrid."

"The witch for the lost children? No, no, Maria, she is only gathering fir-cones, and completing the picture in her red *basquine*, brown jacket, and great hat. I would ask her the way, but that we could not understand her Provençal."

"Oh, dear! I wish Phœbe was here! I wish we were safe!"

"If I ever come mountain-climbing again with you at my heels! Take care, there's no danger if you mind your feet, and we must come out somewhere."

The somewhere, when the slope became less violent, was among vineyards and olivettes, no vestige of a path through them, only a very small cottage, picturesquely planted among the rocks, whence proceeded the sounds of a *cornet-à-piston*. As Bertha stood considering which way to take, a dog flew out of the house and began barking. This brought out a man, who rudely shouted to the terrified pair that they were trespassing. They would have fled at once up the torrent-bed, bad as it was for ascent, but there was a derisive exclamation and laugh, and half-a-dozen men, half-tipsy, came pouring out of the cottage, bawling to Colibri, the rough, shaggy white dog, that seemed disposed to spring at the Maltese in Bertha's arms.

The foremost, shouting in French to the sisters to stop, pointed to what he called the way, and Bertha drew Maria in that direction, trusting that they should escape by submission, but after going a little distance, she found herself at the edge of a bare, deep, dry ravine, steep on each side, almost so as to be impassable. The path only ran on the other side. There was another shout of exultation and laughter at the English girls' consternation. At this evident trick of the surly peasants, Maria shook all over, and burst into tears, and Bertha, gathering courage, turned to expostulate and offer a reward, but her horrible stammer coming on worse than ever, produced nothing but inarticulate sounds.

"Monsieur, there is surely some mistake," said a clear voice in good French from the path on the other side, and looking across, the sisters were cheered by an unmistakable English brown hat. The peasants drew back a little, believing that the young ladies were not so unprotected as they had supposed, and the first speaker, with something like apology, declared that this was really the path, and

descending where the sides were least steep, held out his hand to help Bertha. The lady, whose bank was more practicable, came down to meet them, saying in French, with much emphasis, that she would summon "those gentlemen" to their assistance if desired; words that had considerable effect upon the enemy.

Poor Maria was in such terror that she could hardly keep her footing, and the hands both of Bertha and the unknown friend were needed to keep her from affording still more diversion to the peasants by falling prostrate. The lady seemed intuitively to understand what was best for both, and between them they contrived to hush her sobs, and repress her inclination to scream for Phœbe, and thus to lead her on, each holding a hand till they were at a safe distance; and Bertha, whose terror had been far greater than at the robbery at home, felt that she could let herself speak, when she quivered out an agony of trembling thanks. "I am glad you are safe from these vile men," said the lady, kindly, "though they could hardly have done any thing really to hurt you."

"Frenchmen should not laugh at English girls," cried Bertha. "Oh, I wish my brothers were here," and she turned round with a fierce gesture.

"Phœbe, Phœbe; I want Phœbe and Lieschen!" was Maria's cry.

"Can I help you to find your party?" was the next question; and the voice had a gentle, winning tone that re-assured Maria, who clung tight to her hand, exclaiming, "Don't go away;" and though for months past the bare proposal of encountering a stranger would have made Bertha almost speechless, she felt a soothing influence that enabled her to reply with scarcely a hesitation. On comparing notes, it was discovered that the girls had wandered so far away from their sister that they could only rejoin her by re-entering the town and mounting again; and their new friend, seeing how nervous and agitated both still were, offered to escort them, only giving notice to her own party what had become of her.

She had come up with some sketching acquaintance, and not drawing herself, had, like the sisters, been exploring among the rocks, when she had suddenly come on them in the distress which had so much shaken

them, that, reluctant to lose sight of their guardian, they accompanied her till she saw one of her friends, and then waited while she ran down with the announcement. "How ridiculous it is in me," muttered Bertha to herself, discontentedly; "she will think us wild creatures. I wish we were not both so tall."

And embarrassment, together with the desire to explain, deprived her so entirely of utterance, that Maria volunteered, "Bertha always speaks so funnily since she was ill." Rather a perplexing speech for the lady to hear; but instead of replying, she asked which was their hotel; and Bertha answering, she turned with a start of surprise and interest, as if to see their faces better, adding, "I have not seen you at the *table d'hôte*;" and under the strange influence of her voice and face, Bertha was able to answer, "No. As Maria says, I have been very silly since my illness in the winter, and—and they have given way to me, and let me see no one."

"But we shall see *you*; you are in our hotel," cried Maria. "Do come and let me show you all my Swiss costumes."

"Thank you; if—" and she paused, perhaps a little perplexed by Maria; and Bertha added, in the most womanly voice that she could muster, "My sister and Miss Charlecote will be very glad to see you—very much obliged to you."

Then Maria, who was unusually demonstrative, put another question,—

"Are you ill? Bertha says everybody here is ill. I hope you are not."

"No, thank you," was the reply. "I am here with my uncle and aunt. It is my uncle who has been unwell."

Bertha, afraid that Maria might blunder into a history of her malady, began to talk fast of the landscape and its beauties. The stranger seemed to understand her desire to lead away from herself, and readily responded, with a manner that gave sweetness to all she said. She was not very young-looking, and Maria's notion might be justified that she was at Hyères on her own account, for there was hardly a tint of color on her cheek; she was exceedingly spare and slender, and there was a wasted, worn look about the lower part of her face, and something subdued in her expression, as if some great, lasting sorrow had passed over her. Her eyes



were large, brown, soft, and full of the same tender, pensive kindness as her voice and smile; and perhaps it was this air of patient suffering that above all attracted Bertha, in the soreness of her wounded spirit, just as the affectionateness gained Maria, with the instinct of a child.

However it might be, Phæbe, who had become uneasy at their absence, and only did not go to seek them from the conviction that nothing would set them so completely astray as not finding her at her post, was exceedingly amazed to be hailed by them from beneath instead of above, and to see them so amicably accompanied by a stranger. Maria went on in advance to greet the newly recovered sister, and tell their adventure; and Bertha, as she saw Phæbe's pretty, grateful, self-possessed greeting, rejoiced that their friend should see that one of the three, at least, knew what to say, and could say it. As they all crept down together through the rugged streets, Phæbe felt the same strange attraction as her sisters, accompanied by a puzzling idea that she had seen the young lady before, or some one very like her. Phæbe was famous for seeing likenesses; and never forgetting a face that she had once seen, her recognitions were rather a proverb in the family; and she felt her credit almost at stake in making out the countenance before her; but it was all in vain, and she was obliged to resign herself to discuss the Pyrenees, where it appeared that their new friend had been spending the summer.

At the inn-door they parted, she going along a corridor to her aunt's rooms, and the three Fulmorts hurrying simultaneously to Miss Charlecote to narrate their adventure. She was as eager as they to know the name of their rescuer, and to go to thank her; and ringing for the courier sent him to make inquiries. "Major and Mrs. Holmby, and their niece," was the result; and the next measure was Miss Charlecote's setting forth to call on them in their apartments, and all the three young ladies wishing to accompany her—even Bertha! What could this encounter have done to her? Phæbe withdrew her claim at once, and persuaded Maria to remain, with the promise that her new friend should be invited to enjoy the exhibition of the book of Swiss costumes; and very soon she was admiring them, after having received an explanation sufficient to show her how to deal

with Maria's peculiarities. Mrs. Holmby, a commonplace, good-natured woman, evidently knew who all the other party were, and readily made acquaintance with Miss Charlecote, who had, on her side, the same strange impression of knowing the name as Phæbe had of knowing the face.

Bertha, who slept in the same room with Phæbe, awoke her in the morning with the question, "What do you think is Miss Holmby's name?"

"I did not hear it mentioned."

"No, but you ought to guess. Do you not see how names impress their own individuality? You need not laugh; I know they do. Could you possibly have been called Augusta, and did not Katharine quite pervade Miss Fennimore?"

"Well, according to your theory, what is her name?"

"It is either Eleanor or Cecily."

"Indeed!" cried Phæbe; "what put that into your head?"

"Her expression—no, her entire *Wesen*. Something homely, simple, a little old-fashioned, and yet refined."

"It is odd," said Phæbe, pausing.

"What is odd?"

"You have explained the likeness I could not make out. I once saw a photograph of a Cecily, with exactly the character you mention. It was that of which she reminded me."

"Cecily? Who could it have been?"

"One of the Raymond cousinhood. What o'clock is it?"

"Oh, don't get up yet, Phæbe; I want to tell you Miss Holmby's history, as I make it out. She said she was not ill, but I am convinced that her uncle and aunt took her abroad to give her change, not after illness, but sorrow."

"Yes, I am sure she has known trouble."

"And," said Bertha, stifling her voice, so that her sister could hardly hear, "that sorrow could have been only of one kind. Patient waiting is stamped on her brow. She is trying to lift up her head after cruel disappointment. Oh, I hope he is dead!"

And, to Phæbe's surprise and alarm, the poor little fortune-teller burst into tears, and sobbed violently. There could be no doubt that her own disappointment, rather than that which she ascribed to a stranger, prompted this gush of feeling; but it was strange, for in all the past months the poor child's sorrow



and shame had been coldly, hardly, silently borne. The new scenes had thrust it into abeyance, and spirits and strength had forced trouble aside, but this was the only allusion to it since her conversation with Miss Charlecote on her sick-bed, and the first sign of softening. Phæbe durst not enter into the subject, but soothed and composed her by caresses and cheerfulness; but either the tears, or perhaps their original cause—the fatigue and terror of the previous day—had entirely unhinged her, and she was in such a nervous, trembling state, and had so severe a headache, that she was left lying down, under Lieschen's charge, when the others went to the English chapel. Her urgent entreaty was that they would bring Miss Holmby to her on their return. She had conceived almost a passion for this young lady. Secluded as she had been, no intercourse beyond her own family had made known to her the pleasure of a friendship; and her mind, in its revival from its long exhaustion, was full of ardor, in the enthusiasm of a girl's adoration of a full-grown woman. The new and softening sensation was infinite gain, even by merely lessening her horror of society; and when the three churchgoers joined the Holmby party on their way back from the chapel, they begged, as a kindness to an invalid, for a visit to Bertha.

It was granted most readily, as if equally pleasant to the giver of the kindness and to the receiver, and the two young maidens walked home together. Phæbe could not but explain their gratitude to any one who could rouse Bertha, saying that her spirits had received a great shock, and that the effects of her illness on her speech and her eyes had made her painfully bashful.

"I am so glad," was the hurried, rather quivering answer. "I am glad if I can be of any use."

Phæbe was surprised, while gratified, by the eager tenderness of her meeting with Bertha, who, quite revived, was in the sitting-room to greet her, and seemed to expand like a plant in the sunshine, under the influence of those sweet brown eyes. Her liveliness and drollery awoke, and her sister was proud that her new friend should see her cleverness and intelligence; but all the time the likeness to that photograph continued to haunt Phæbe's mind, as she continued to discover more resemblances, and to decide that if such were

impressed by the Christian name, Bertha was a little witch to detect it.

Afternoon came, and as usual they all walked seawards. As Bertha said, they had had enough of the heights, and tried going towards the sea, as their new friend wished, although warned by the Fulmorts that it was a long walk, the *étangs*, or great salt pools, spoiling the coast as a beach. But all were brave walkers, and exercise always did Bertha good. They had lovely views of the town as they wound about the hills, and admired its old streets creeping up the hill, and the two long wings stretching on either side. An iron cross stood up before the old church, relieved by the exquisite radiance of the sunset sky. "Ah!" said Honor, "I always choose to believe that is the cross to which the legend belongs." "Tell it, please, Miss Charlecote," cried Maria.

And Honor told a veritable legend of Hyères: A Moorish princess, who had been secretly baptized and educated as a Christian by her nurse, a Christian slave, was beloved by a genie. She regarded him with horror, pined away, and grew thin and pale. Her father thought to raise her spirits by marrying her, and bestowed her on the son of a neighboring king, sending her off in full procession to his dominions. On the way, however, lay a desert, where the genie had power to raise a sand-storm, with which he overwhelmed the suite, and flew away with the princess. But he could not approach her; she kept him at bay with the sign of the cross, until, enraged, he drove her about on a whirlwind for three days, and finally dashed her dead upon this coast. There she lay, fair as an almond blossom, and royally robed, and the people of Hyères took her up and gave her honorable burial. When the king her father heard of it, he offered to reward them with a cross of gold of the same weight as his daughter; but, said the townsmen, "O king, if we have a cross of gold, the Moors will come and slay us for its sake, therefore, give us the gold in coin, and let the cross be of iron."

"And there it stands," said the guest, looking up.

"I hope it does," said Honor, confronting, as usual, the common-sense led pupils of Miss Fennimore, with her willing demi-credulity.

"It is a beautiful story!" was the comment; "and, like other traditions, full of unconscious meaning."

A speech this, as if it had been made to delight Honor, whose eyes were met by a congratulatory glance from Phœbe. At the further words, "It is very striking—the evil spirit's power ending with the slaying the body, never harming the soul, nor bending the will—"

"Bending the will is harming the soul," said Phœbe.

"Nay," was her companion's answer, "the fatal evil is, when both wills are bent."

Phœbe was too single-minded, too single-willed, at once to understand this, till Miss Charlecote whispered a reference to St. Paul's words of deep experience, "To will is present with me."

"I see," she said; "she might even have preferred the genie, but as long as her principle and better will resisted, she was safe from herself as well as from him."

"Liked the nasty genie?" said Maria, who had listened only as to a fairy tale. "Why, Phœbe, genies come out of bottles, and go away in smoke, Lieschen told me so."

"No, indeed," said Bertha, in a low voice of feeling, piteous in one of her years, "if so, it needed no outward whirlwind to fling her dead on the coast!"

"And there she found peace," answered the guest, with a suppressed, but still visible sigh of weariness. "Oh! it was worth the whirlwind!"

Phœbe was forced to attend to Maria, whose imagination had been a good deal impressed, and who was anxious to make another attempt on a pilgrimage to castle and cross.

"When Mervyn comes back, Maria, we may try."

The guest, who was speaking, stopped short in the midst. Had she been infected by Bertha's hesitation? She began again, and seemed to have forgotten what she meant to have said. However, she recovered herself; and there was nothing remarkable through the rest of the walk, but, on coming indoors, she managed to detain Phœbe behind the others, saying, lightly, "Miss Fulmott, you have not seen the view from my window." Phœbe followed to her little bedroom, and gazed out at the lovely isles, bathed in light so as to be almost transparent, and the ship of war in the bay, all shadowy and phantom-like. She spoke her admiration warmly, but met with but a half assent.

The owner of the room was leaning her head against the glass, and, with an effort for indifference, said, "Did I hear that—that you were expecting your brother?"

"You are Cecily!" exclaimed Phœbe, instead of answering.

And Cecily, turning away from the window, leaned against the wall for support, and her pale face crimsoning, said, "I thought you did not know?"

"My sisters do not," said Phœbe; "but he told me, when—when he hoped—"

"And now you will help me?" said Cecily, hurrying out her words, as if overpowering one of her wills. "You will, I know! I have promised my father and uncle to have nothing to do with him. Do not let me be taken by surprise. Give me notice, that I may get Aunt Holmby away before he comes."

"Oh! must it be so?" cried Phœbe. "He is not like what he used to be."

"I have promised," repeated Cecily; and grasping Phœbe's wrist, she added, "You will help me to keep my promise."

"I will," said Phœbe, in her grave, reliable voice, and Cecily drew a long breath.

There were five minutes of silence, while Phœbe stood studying Cecily, and thinking how much injustice she had done to her, how little she had expected a being so soft and feeling in her firmness, and grieving the more at Mervyn's loss. Cecily at last spoke, "When will he come?"

"We cannot tell; most likely not for a week, perhaps not for a fortnight. It depends on how he likes Corsica."

"I think my aunt will be willing to go," said Cecily. "My uncle has been talking of Nice."

"Then must we lose you," said Phœbe, "when you are doing Bertha so much good?"

"I should like to be with you while I can, if I may," said Cecily, her eyes full of tears.

"Did you know us at first?" said Phœbe.

"I knew you were in this hotel; and after your sisters had spoken, and I saw Bertha's face, I was sure who she was. I thought no one was with you but Miss Charlecote, and that no one knew, so that I might safely indulge myself." The word was out before she could recall it, and trying, as it were, to hide it, she said, "But how, if you knew what had passed, did you not sooner know it was I?"

"Because we thought your name was Holmby."

"Did you, indeed? You did not know that my Aunt Holmby is my mother's sister? She kindly took me when my uncle was ordered to spend this winter abroad."

"You were ill and tried. Bertha read that in your face. Oh! when you see how much difference—"

"I must not see. Do not talk of it, or we must not be together; and indeed it is very precious to me." She rested her head on Phœbe's shoulder, and put an arm round her waist. "Only one thing I must ask," she said, presently; "is he well?"

"Quite well," said Phœbe. "He has been getting better ever since we left home. Then you did not know he was with us?"

"No. It is not right for me to dwell on those things, and they never mention any of you to me."

"But you will write to us now? You will not desert Bertha? You do not know how much you are doing for her."

"Dear child! She is so like what he was when first he came."

"If you could guess what she has suffered, and how fond he is of her, you would not turn away from her. You will let her be your friend?"

"If it be right," said Cecily, with tearful eyes, but her mouth set into a steadfast expression, as resolute as sweetly sad.

"You know better what is right than I do," said Phœbe; "I who feel for him and Bertha. But if you have not heard from him for so long, I think there are things you ought to know."

"At home, at home," said Cecily; "there it may be right to listen. Here I am trusted alone, and I have only to keep my promise. Tell me when I am at home, and it will make me happy. Though, nonsense! my wizened old face is enough to cure him," and she tried to laugh. Phœbe regretted what she had said of Bertha's impression, and believed that the gentle, worn face ought to be far more touching than the most radiant charms, but when she strove to say that it was not beauty that Mervyn loved, she was hushed at once, and by the same mild authority turned out of the room.

Well for her that she could tell her story to Miss Charlecote without breach of confidence! Honor's first impulse was displeasure with the aunt, who she was sure had let her speak *of*, though not *to*, Miss Holmby

without correcting her, and must purposely have kept the whole Raymond connection out of sight. "Depend upon it, Phœbe," she said, "she will keep her niece here."

"Poor Cecily, what will she do? I wish they would go, for I feel sure that she will think it her duty to hold out against him till she has her father's sanction; she will seem hard, and he—"

"Do not reckon too much on him, Phœbe. Yes, it is a hard saying, but men care so much for youth and beauty, that he may find her less attractive. He may not understand how superior she must have become to what she was when he first knew her. Take care how you plead his cause without being sure of his sentiments."

In fact, Honor thought Cecily Raymond so infinitely above Mervyn Fulmort, at his very best, that she could not regard the affair as hopeful under any aspect; and the parties concerned being just at the time of life when a woman becomes much the elder of a man of the same years, she fully expected that Cecily's loss of bloom would entirely take away his desire to pursue his courtship.

The next event was a diplomatic call from Mrs. Holmby, to sound Miss Charlecote, whose name she knew as a friend both of the Fulmorts and Moorcroft Raymonds, and who, she had feared, would use her influence against so unequal a match for the wealthy young squire. When convinced of her admiration of Cecily, the good aunt proceeded to condemn the Raymond pride. They called it religion, but she was not so taken in. What reasonable person heeded what a young man might have done when he was sowing his wild oats? No, it was only that the baronet blood disdained the distillery, whereas the Fulmorts represented that good old family, the Mervyns, and it was a very fine estate, was not it? She had no patience with such nonsense, not she! All Sir John's doing; for, between themselves, poor dear George Raymond had no spirit at all, and was quite under his brother's thumb. Such a family, and such a thing as it would be for them to have that girl so well married. *She* would not take her away. The place agreed with the Major, and she had told Cecily she could not think of leaving it.

Phœbe saw how close a guard Cecily must have learnt to keep on herself, for not a tone or look betrayed that she was suffering un-

usual emotion. She occupied herself quietly, and was most tenderly kind to Bertha and Maria, exerting herself to converse with Bertha, and to enter into her pursuits as cheerfully as if her mind were disengaged. Sometimes Phœbe fancied that the exceeding gentleness of her voice indicated when she was most tried, but she attempted no more *tête-à-têtes*, and Miss Charlecote's conjecture that in the recesses of her heart she was rejoiced to be detained by no fault of her own, remained unverified. Phœbe resigned Cecily for the present to Bertha's exclusive friendship. Competition would have been unwise, even if the forbidden subject had not been a restraint where the secret was known, while to soothe and cherish Bertha and settle her mind to begin life again was a welcome and fitting mission for Cecily, and inclination as well as discretion therefore held Phœbe aloof, preventing Maria from interfering, and trusting that Cecily was becoming Bertha's Mr. Charlecote.

Mervyn came back sooner than she had expected him, having soon tired of Corsica. His year of ill-health and of her attendance had made him dependent on her; he did not enter into novelty or beauty without Bertha; and his old restless demon of discontent made him impatient to return to his ladies. So he took Phœbe by surprise, walking in as she was finishing a letter to Augusta before joining the others in the olivettes.

"Well, Phœbe, how's Bertha? Ready to leave this hot vapor-bath of a hole?"

"I don't know what you will say to it now," she answered, looking down, and a little tremulous. "Who do you think is here?"

"Not Hastings? If he dares to show his nose here, I'll get him hissed out of the place."

"No, no, something very different."

"Well, make haste," he said, in the grim voice of a tired man.

"She is here—Cecily Raymond."

"What of that?" He sat down, folded his arms, and crossed his ankles, the picture of dogged indifference.

"Mervyn!"

"What does it matter to me who comes or goes? Don't stop to rehearse arrivals, but ring for something to eat. An atrocious *mistral*! My throat is like a turnpike road! Call it January? It is a mockery!"

Phœbe obeyed him; but she was in a ferment of wrath and consternation, and clear of nothing save that Cecily must be prepared for his appearance. She was leaving the room when he called to ask what she was doing.

"I am going to tell the others that you are come."

"Where are they?"

"In the olive yards behind the hotel."

"Don't be in such a hurry, and I'll come."

"Thank you, but I had better go on before. Miss Raymond is with them."

"It makes no odds to her. Stop a minute, I tell you. What is the matter with her?" (Said with some uneasiness, hidden by gruffness.)

"She is not here for her own health, but Major Holmby is rheumatic."

"Oh! that intolerable woman is here, is she? Then you may give Miss Charlecote notice to pack up her traps, and we'll set off to-morrow!"

If a desire to box a man's ears ever tingled in Phœbe's fingers, it was at that moment. Not trusting herself to utter a word, she went up-stairs, put on her hat, and walked forth, feeling as if the earth had suddenly turned topsy-turvy with her, and as if she could look no one in the face. Set off to-morrow! He might tell Miss Charlecote himself, she would not! Yet, after all, he had been rejected. His departure might not torture Cecily like the sight of his indifference. But what despair for Bertha, thought Phœbe, as she saw the friends pacing the paths between the rows of olives, while Miss Charlecote and Maria were gathering magnificent blue violets. At the first hint, Miss Charlecote called to Bertha, who came reluctantly, while Phœbe, with almost sickening pity, murmured her tidings to Cecily—adding, "I do not think he is coming out. He is having something to eat," in hopes that this tardiness might be a preparation. She was relieved that Bertha rushed back again to monopolize Miss Raymond, and overwhelm her with schemes for walks under Mervyn's escort. Cecily let her talk, but made no promises, and the soft gentleness of those replies thrilled as pangs of pain on Phœbe's pitying heart.

As they walked homewards, Mervyn himself appeared, slowly sauntering towards them. The younger sisters sprang to meet him, Cecily fell back to Miss Charlecote.

Phœbe held her breath, and scarcely durst look. There was a touch of the hand, a greeting, then Bertha pounced on her brother to tell the adventure of the ravine; and Cecily began to set Maria off about the flowers in her nosegay. Phœbe could only come close to Miss Charlecote and squeeze her hand vehemently.

The inn door was reached, and Mervyn waiting till Cecily came up, said with grave formality, "I hear my sisters are indebted to you for your assistance in a very unpleasant predicament."

She bowed, and he bowed. That was all, and they were in their several apartments. Phœbe had never felt in such a fever. She could discern character, but love was but an external experience to her, and she could not read the riddle of Mervyn's repudiation of intercourse with their fellow-inmates, and his restlessness throughout the evening, checking Bertha for boring about her friend, and then encouraging her to go on with what she had been saying. At last, however, Bertha voluntarily ceased her communications and could be drawn out no further; and when the candle was put out at night, she electrified Phœbe with the remark, "It is Mervyn, and you know it; so you may as well tell me all about it."

Phœbe had no choice but compliance; advising Bertha not to betray her knowledge, and anxious to know the conclusions which this acute young woman would draw from the present conjuncture. But Bertha was too fond of both parties not to be full of unmitigated hope. "O Phœbe!" she said, "with Cecily there, I shall not mind going home, I shall not mind any thing."

"If only she will be there."

"Stuff, Phœbe! The more Mervyn sulks, the more it shows that he cares for her; and if she cares for him, of course it will come right."

"Do you remember what she said about the two wills contending?"

"Well, if she ever *did* think Mervyn the genie, she has crossed him once, twice, thrice, till she may turn him from Urgan into Ethert Brand."

"She thinks it her duty not to hear that she has."

"Oh, ho! from you who know all about it: but didn't I tell her plenty about Mer-

vyn's kindness to me? Yes, indeed I did. I couldn't help it, you know. It did not seem true to let anybody begin to be my friend unless she knew—*all that*. So I told her—and O Phœbe, she was so dear and nice, better than ever after that," continued Bertha, with what sounded like sobs; "and then you know she could not help hearing how good and patient he was with me—only growing kinder and kinder the more tiresome I was. She must feel that, Phœbe, must not she? And then she asked about Robert, and I told her how Mervyn has let him get a chaplain to look after the distillery people, and the Institute that that old gin-palace is to be made into."

"Those were just the things I was longing to tell her."

"She could not stop *me*, you know, because I knew nothing," cried Bertha, triumphantly. "Are not you satisfied, Phœbe?"

"I ought to be, if I were sure of his feelings. Don't plunge about so, Bertha,—and I am not sure either that she will believe him yet to be a religious man."

"Don't say that Phœbe. I was just going to begin to like religion, and think it the only true key to metaphysics and explanation of existence, but if it sticks between those two, I shall only see it as a weak, rigid superstition, parting those who were meant for one another."

Phœbe was strongly tempted to answer, but the little travelling clock struck, and thus acted as a warning that to let Bertha pursue an exciting discussion at this time of night would be ruinous to her nerves the next day. So with a good-night, the elder sister closed her ears, and lay pondering on the newly disclosed stage in Bertha's mind, which touched her almost as closely as the fate of her brother's attachment.

The ensuing were days of suppressed excitement, chiefly manifested by the yawning fits that seized on Bertha whenever no scene in the drama was passing before her. In fact, the scenes presented little. Cecily was not allowed to shut herself up, and did nothing remarkable, though avoiding the walks that she would otherwise have taken with the Fulmort party; and when she found that Bertha was aware of her position, firmly making silence on that head the condition of their interviews. Mervyn let her alone, and



might have seemed absolutely indifferent, but for the cessation of all complaints of Hyères, and for the noteworthy brightness, obligingness, and good-humor of his manners. Even in her absence, though often restless and strangely watchful, he was always placable and good-tempered, never even scolding Phœbe; and in her presence, though he might not exchange three words, or offer the smallest service, there was a repose and content on his countenance that gave his whole expression a new reading. He was looking particularly well, fined down into alertness by his disciplined life and hill climbing, his complexion cleared and tanned by mountain air, and the habits and society of the last year leaving an unconscious impress unlike that which he used to bring from his former haunts. Phœbe wondered if Cecily remarked it. She was not aware that Cecily did not know him without that restful look.

Phœbe came to the conclusion that Cecily was persuaded of the cessation of his attachment, and was endeavoring to be thankful, and to accustom herself to it. After the first, she did not hide herself to any marked degree; and, probably to silence her aunt, allowed that lady to take her on one of the grand Monday expeditions, when all the tolerably sound visiting population of Hyères were wont to meet, to the number of thirty or forty, and explore the scenery. Exquisite as were the views, these were not romantic excursions, the numbers conducing to gossip and chatter, but there were some who enjoyed them the more in consequence; and Mervyn, who had been loudest in vituperation of his first, found the present perfectly delightful, although the chief of his time was spent in preventing Mrs. Holmby's cross-grained donkey from lying down to roll, and administering to the lady the chocolate drops that he carried for Bertha's unction; Cecily, meantime, being far before with his sisters, where Mrs. Holmby would gladly have sent him if bodily terror would have permitted her to dismiss her cavalier.

Miss Charlecote and Phœbe, being among the best and briskest of the female walkers, were the first to enter the town, and there, in the *Place des Palmiers*, looking about him as if he were greatly amazed at himself, they beheld no other than the well-known figure of Sir John Raymond, standing beside the Major, who was sunning himself under the palm-trees.

"Miss Charlecote, how are you? How d'ye do, Miss Fulmort? Is your sister quite well again? Where's my little niece?"

"Only a little way behind with Bertha."

"Well, we never thought to meet in such a place, did we? What a country of stones I have come over to-day, enough to break the heart of a farmer; and the very sheep are no better than goats! Vineyards? What they call vineyards are old black stumps that ought to be grubbed up for fire-wood!"

"Nay, I was struck by the wonderful cultivation of every available inch of ground. It speaks well for the Provençals, if we judge by the proverb, '*Autant vaut l'homme que vaut sa terre.*'"

"Ah! there she comes;" and he hastened to join Cecily, while the deserted Bertha, coming up to her sister, muttered, "Wretched girl! I hear she had written to him to fetch her home. That was what made her stay so quietly, was it?"

No one could accuse Mervyn of indifference who saw the blank look that overspread his face on hearing of Sir John's arrival, but he said not a word, only hurried away to dress for the *table d'hôte*. The first notice the anxious ladies had that the tedious dinner was broken up, was a knock at their door, and Cecily's entrance, looking exceedingly white, and speaking very low. "I am come to wish you good-by," she said. "Uncle John has been so kind as to come for me, and I believe we shall set out to-morrow."

Maria alone could dare to shriek out, "Oh! but you promised to show me how to make a crown of my pink heaths, and I have been out with Lieschen, and gathered such beauties!"

"If you will come with me to my room I will show you while I pack up," said Cecily, reducing Bertha to despair by this most effectual barrier to confidence; but she entreated leave to follow, since seeing Cecily playing with Maria was better than not seeing her at all.

After some time, Mervyn came in, flushed and breathless, and Honor kindly made an excuse for leaving him alone with Phœbe. After diligently tossing a book from one hand to the other for some minutes, he observed, *sotto voce*, "That's a more decent old fellow than I gave him credit for."

"Who, Sir John?"



"Ay."

And that was the whole result of the *tête-à-tête*. He was in no mood for questions, and marched out of the room for a moonlight cigar. Phœbe only remained with the conviction that something had happened.

Miss Charlecote was more fortunate. She had met the Baronet in the passage, and was accosted by him with, "Do you ever do such a thing as take a turn on that terrace?"

It was a welcome invitation, and in no more time than it took to fetch a shawl, the two old friends were pacing the paved terrace together.

"Well, what do you think of him?" began Sir John. "There must be more good in him than I thought."

"Much more than I thought."

"He has been speaking to me, and I can't say but that I was sorry for him, though why it should have gone so hard with so sensible and good a girl as Cecily to give up such a scamp, I never could guess! I told George that seeing what I saw of him, and knowing what I knew, I could think it nothing better than a sacrifice to give her to him!"

"Exactly what I thought!"

"After the way he had used her too—talking nonsense to her, and then playing fast and loose, trying his luck with half the young ladies in London, and then fancying she would be thankful to him as soon as he wanted a wife to keep house! Poor child, that would not have weighed with her a moment though—it puts me out of patience to know how fond she is of him—but for his scampishness, which made it a clear duty to refuse him. Very well she behaved, poor thing, but you see how she pined away—though her mother tells me that not a fretful word was ever heard from her, as active and patient and cheerful as ever. Then the Holmbys took her abroad, the only thing to save her health, but I never trusted the woman, and when by and by she writes to her father that Fulmort was coming, and her aunt would not take her away, 'George,' I said, 'never mind; I'll go at once, and bring her home—she shall not be kept there to be torn to pieces between her feelings and her duty.' And now I am come, I declare I don't know what to be at—I should think nothing of it if the lad only talked of reforming—but he looks so downcast, and owns so honestly that we were quite right, and then that excellent little sister of

his is so fond of him, and you have stood his company this whole year—that I declare I think he must be good for something! Now you who have looked on all his life, just say what you think of him—such a way as he went on in last year, too—the crew that he got about him—"

"Phœbe thinks that was the consequence of his disappointment."

"A man that could bring such a lot into the same house with that sister of his, had no business to think of Cecily."

"He has suffered for it, and pretty severely, and I do think it has done him good. You must remember that he had great disadvantages."

"Which didn't hinder his brother from turning out well."

"Robert went to a public school—" and there she perceived she was saying something awkward, but Sir John half laughed and assented.

"Quite right, Miss Charlecote; private pupils are a delusion! George never had one without a screw loose about him. Parish priests were never meant for tutors—and I've told my boy, Charlie, that the one thing I'll never consent to is his marrying on pupils—and doing two good things by halves. It has wellnigh worried his uncle to death, and Cecily into the bargain."

"Robert was younger, and the elders were all worse managed. Besides, Mervyn's position, as it was treated, made him discontented and uncomfortable; and this attachment, which he was too—too—I can find no word for it but contemptible—to avow, must have preyed on his temper and spirits all the time he was trying to shake it off. He was brought up to selfishness, and nothing but what he underwent last year could have shaken him out of it."

"Then you think he is shaken out of it?"

"Where Bertha is concerned I see that he is—therefore I should hope it with his wife."

"Well, well, I suppose what must be must be. Not that I have the least authority to say any thing, but I could not help telling the poor fellow thus much—that if he went on steadily for a year or so, and continued in the same mind, I did not see why he should not ask my brother and Cecily to reconsider it. Then it will be for them to decide, you know."

For them! As if Sir John were not in character as well as name the guiding head of the family.

"And now," he added, "you will let me come to your rooms this evening, for Mrs. Holmby is in such displeasure with me, that I shall get nothing but black looks. Besides, I want to see a little more of that nice girl, his sister."

"Ah! Sir John, if ever you do consent, it will be more than half for love of Phæbe!"

"Well, for a girl like that to be so devoted to him,—her brother though he be,—shows there must be more in him than meets the eye. That's just the girl that I would not mind John's marrying."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"Turn again, Whittington!"

—BOW BELLS.

MAY had come round again before Robert Fulmort stood waiting at the Waterloo Station to welcome the travellers, who had been prohibited from putting Bertha's restored health to the test of east winds. It was a vista of happy faces that he encountered as he looked into the carriage window, yet the first questions and answers were grave and mournful.

"Is Mr. Henderson still alive?" asked Honora.

"No, he sank rapidly, and died on Sunday week. I was at the funeral on Saturday."

"Right; I am glad you went. I am sorry I was away."

"It was deeply felt. Nearly all the clergy in the archdeaconry, and the entire parish, were present."

"Who is taking care of the parish?"

"Charlecote Raymond has been coming over for the Sundays, and giving great satisfaction."

"I say, Robert, where's the Bannerman carriage? Phæbe is to be victimized there—more's the pity," interposed Mervyn.

"There is their brougham. I meant to drive to Albury Street with her," said Robert, gazing at his brother as if he scarcely knew him without the characteristic knitting of the brow under a grievance, the scowl, or the half-sneering smile; and with the cleared and lightened air that he had worn ever since that little spark of hope had been left to burn and shine undamped by dissipation or worldly policy. Bertha also was changed.

She had grown tall and womanly, her looks beyond her age, and if her childish vivacity were gone, the softened gravity became her much better. It was Phæbe's report, however, for which he chiefly longed, and he was soon seated beside her on the way to Albury Street, while the others betook themselves citywards.

"So, Phæbe, it is all right, and you are satisfied?"

"Satisfied, grateful, thankful to the utmost," said Phæbe, fervently. "I think I never was so happy as all through the latter part of the journey."

"You think well of Bertha?"

"I cannot call her restored, for she is far more than she was before. That meeting with Cecily Raymond did for her what we could not do, and she is growing to be more than we knew how to wish for."

"Her spirits?"

"Never high, and easily shaken. Her nerves are not strong yet, and she will never, I fear, be quite girlishly careless and merry, but she is grave and sweet. She does not shrink from people now, and when I saw her among other girls at Paris, she seemed older, much deeper, and altogether superior."

"Does she think seriously?"

"She thinks and reads, but it is not easy to guess what she thinks, for she keeps silence, and has happily quite left off arguing with Miss Charlecote. I believe Cecily has great influence over her, and I think she will talk a great deal to Miss Fennimore. Robin, do you think we could have dear Miss Fennimore again?"

"I do not know what Mr. Parsons would say to you. As you know, she told him that she wanted to do the most useful work he could trust to her, so he has made her second mistress at the day-school for his tradesmen's daughters; and what they would do without her I cannot think!"

"She must have very insufficient pay."

"Yes, but I think she is glad of that, and she had saved a good deal."

"I give you notice that I shall try hard to get her, if Mr. Crabbe will only let us be as we were before. Do you think there is any hope for us?"

"I cannot tell. I suspect that he will not consent to your going home till Mervyn is married; and Augusta wants very much to have you, for the season at least."

"Mervyn and Miss Charlecote both say I ought to see a little of the London world, and she promises to keep Maria and Bertha till we see our way. I should not like them to be without me anywhere else. You have not told me of poor Bevil. You must have seen him often."

"Yes, he clings very much to me, poor fellow, and is nearly as much cast down as at first. He has persuaded himself that poor Juliana always continued what he thought her when they met in their youth. Perhaps she had the germs of it in her, but I sometimes hardly know which way to look when he is talking about her, and then I take shame to myself for the hard judgments I cannot put away even now!"

"Poor Juliana!" said Phæbe, saddened by her own sense that the difficulties of her present position were lessened by the removal of this sister. "And little Elizabeth?"

"She is a nice little thing, and her father hardly lets her out of his sight. I have sometimes speculated whether he might not ask you to keep house for him, but last time I saw him, I fancied that he was inclined to hold aloof from you."

"I had rather he did not ask us," said Phæbe.

"Why so?"

"Because I am afraid Bertha would not look up to him if she lived with him," said Phæbe.

Robert smiled, having himself become conscious of that weakness in his good brother-in-law which Phæbe felt, but did not name.

"And now, Phæbe," said Robert, suddenly changing the subject, "I have something for you to do; I want you to call on Miss Sandbrook."

On her astonished look, he explained that he had made it his business frequently to see Owen Sandbrook's child, and of late to give it some religious teaching. While thus engaged, he had been surprised by the entrance of Lucilla, looking wretchedly ill and exhausted, and though she had rallied her spirits after the first moment, talked of having come up from Essex for a day's holiday of shopping and seeing her nephew, and had inquired eagerly and warmly for Miss Charlecote, he had been sufficiently uneasy about her to go afterwards to Mrs. Murrell, from whom he had learnt that she had avowed

having consulted a physician in the morning, and had procured her address.

"And now," said Robert, "I want you, with whom she has never quarrelled, to call on her as an old friend just come into her neighborhood, and find out what was the doctor's opinion. I am sure she is destroying herself."

The whole was said with perfect simplicity, without shrinking from Phæbe's eye, as though he had absolutely forgotten what sentiments he had once entertained; and Phæbe could, neither in kindness nor humanity, refuse to be the means of re-opening communication with the voluntary exile. She proposed to write and offer a call, but Robert, fearing to rouse the old perverse pride, recommended that there should be no preparation. Indeed, the chances of an independent expedition seemed likely to be scanty, for Lady Bannerman pounced on her sister as a truant bond-slave, who, when captured, was to be useful all day, and go to parties all night.

"I have told all my friends that I was going to introduce my sister, and what expectations you have," she said. "See, here are two cards for to-morrow night, Lady Jane Hewett and Mrs. Gosling, the young widow that I want Mervyn to meet, you know. Clear £5,000 a year, and such a charming house. Real first-rate suppers; not like Lady Jane's bread and butter and catlap, as Sir Nicholas says, just handed round. We would never go near the place, but as I said to Sir Nicholas, any sacrifice for my sister; and she has a son, you know, a fine young man; and if we manage well, we shall be in time for Carrie Gosling's supper. So mind that, Phæbe, and don't get engaged to too many dances."

"Is there to be dancing?"

"Most likely. I hope you have something to wear."

"I provided myself at Paris, thank you."

"Not mourning, I trust! That will never do! Nobody thinks of mourning for a sister more than six months, and it makes me so low to think of poor Juliana, and this horrid complaint being in the family. It is quite a duty to keep one's spirits up. But there's Robert always so lugubrious; and poor Sir Bevil looks as deplorable, and comes up to town with that poor little girl all in crape, and wont eat any luncheon! I declare it gave me such a turn that I was obliged to

have my little cordial before I could swallow a mouthful! And now you come in black! It is quite provoking! You must and shall get some colors to-morrow."

"Thank you, what I have is white and lilac."

On which neutral ground Phæbe took her stand, and the French style and fashion so impressed Augusta's maid, that she forced her ladyship to accept even simplicity as "the thing," and to sink back rebuked for the barbarism of hinting at the enlivenment of pink ribbons or scarlet flowers.

Though thus fortified against shopping on her own account, liberty even to go to see her sisters was denied her, in Augusta's infinite disgust at the locality, and consideration for the horses. She was forced to be contented with the report of Mervyn, who came to dinner and to go to the evening parties, and who spoke of the girls as well and happy; Maria "in her native element" at the infant school, and both in a perfect rapture at receiving Miss Fennimore, whom their hostess had asked to spend the evening in Woolstone Lane.

Mervyn professed that he came entirely to see Phæbe's *début* in her Parisian costume, and amused himself maliciously with endeavoring to delay the start from Lady Jane's till too late for Mrs. Gosling's supper; but Phæbe, who did not wish to enhance the sacrifice, would not abet him, and positively, as he declared, aided Augusta in her wild-goose chase.

He contrived to have a good deal of conversation with Phæbe in the course of the evening, and she heard from him that old Crabbe was more crusty than ever, and would not hear of his taking his sisters home, but, said he, that mattered the less, considering that now they would be able to be at the parsonage.

"The parsonage?"

"What! did you not know the living was in Miss Charlecote's gift?"

"Do you mean that she has offered it to Robert?"

"Yes—no—at least she has told me of her intentions. Highly proper in the old girl, isn't it? They will settle it to-night of course. I'll have the grounds laid out, and make quite a pretty modern place of it. It has quite taken a weight off my mind to know he is so well provided for."

"It will make us all very happy; but I think he will be sorry for St. Matthew's, too."

"Oh! parsons think nothing of changes. He can appoint his own successor, and I'll not let things die away. And now, Phæbe, is there any thing you want to do? I will not have Augusta tie you by the leg. I will look out a lady's horse to-morrow, and come to ride with you; or if you want to do any thing, you can have the brougham any day."

"Thank you; there is one thing I want very much to do," and she explained.

"Ha!" said Mervyn, "a romantic meeting. If I remember right, Mr. Robin used to be much smitten with that little thing. Don't reckon too much on the parsonage, Phæbe."

"What are we to do if both brothers turn us out?" smiled Phæbe.

"Don't talk of that. I should be glad enough to get you in—and I am far enough from the *other thing* yet."

So Phæbe obtained the use of the brougham for the next day, and set off for her long Essex drive, much against Augusta's will, and greatly wondering what it would produce; compassionate of course for poor Lucilla, yet not entirely able to wish that Robert should resign the charge for which he was so eminently fitted, even for the sake of Hiltonbury and home. Lucy must be altered, indeed, if he would not be happier without her.

Phæbe had written a few lines, saying that hearing that Lucy was so near, she could not help begging to see her. This she sent in with her card, and after a little delay, was invited to come in. Lucilla met her at the top of the stairs, and at first Phæbe only felt herself clasped, clung to, kissed, fondled with a sudden, gasping, tearful eagerness. Then, as if striving to recall the ordinary tone, Lucilla exclaimed, "There—I beg your pardon for such an obstreperous greeting, but I am a famished creature here, you see, and I did not expect such kindness. Luckily some of my pupils are driving out with their mamma, and I have sent the others to the nurse. Now then, take off your bonnet, let me see you; I want to look at a home face, and you are as fresh and as innocent as if not a year had passed over you."

Lucilla fervently kissed her again, and then holding her hand, gazed at her as if unwilling that either should break the happy

silence. Meantime, Phœbe was shocked to see how completely Robert's alarms were justified by Lucy's appearance. The mere absence of the coquettish ringlets made a considerable difference, and the pale color of the hair, as it was plainly braided, increased the wanness of her appearance. The transparent complexion had lost the lovely carnation of the cheek, but the meandering veins of the temples and eyelids were painfully apparent; and with the eyes so large and clear as to be more like veronics than ever, made the effect almost ghastly, together with the excessive fragility of the form, and the shadowy thinness of the hand that held Phœbe's. Bertha's fingers, at her weakest, had been more substantial than these small things, which had, however, as much character and force in their grasp as ever.

"Lucy, I am sure you are ill! How thin you are!"

"Well, then, cod-liver oil is a base deception! Never mind that—let me hear of Honor—are you with her?"

"No, my sisters are, but I am with Augusta."

"Then you do not come from her?"

"No; she does not know."

"You excellent Phœbe; what have you done to keep that bonny, honest face all this time to refresh weary eyes—being a little heroine, too. Well, but the Honor—the old sweet Honey—is she her very self?"

"Indeed, I hope so; she has been so very kind to us."

"And found subjects in you not too cross-grained for her kindness to be palatable! Ah! a good hard plunge into the world teaches one what one left in the friendly ship! Not that mine has been a hard one. I am not one of the pathetic goodnesses of fiction. Every one has been kinder to me than I am worth—But, oh! to hear myself called Lucy again!"—and she hid her face on Phœbe's shoulder in another access of emotion.

"You used not to like it."

"My Cilly days were over long ago. Only one person ever used to call me Cilla;" and she paused, and went on afresh—"So it was for Bertha's sake and Mervyn's that Honor escorted you abroad. So much Robert told me; but I don't understand it yet. It had haunted me the whole winter that Robert was the only Mr. Fulmore *she* could nurse; and

if he told you I was upset, it was that I did not quite know whether he were ghost or body when I saw him there in the old place."

"No, he only told me you were looking very ill; and indeed—"

"I could not ask him what concatenation made Honor take Mervyn under her wing, like a hen hovering a vulture."

"It would be a long story," said Phœbe; "but Bertha was very ill, and Mervyn much out of health; and we were in great distress for an escort. I think it was the kindest thing ever done, and the most successful."

"Has it been a comfort to her? Owen's letters must be, I am sure. He will come home this autumn, as soon as he has done laying out his railway, and then I shall get him to beg leave for me to make a little visit at Hliltonbury before we go out to Canada. I could not go out without a good word from her. She and Mr. Prendergast are all that remains of the old life. I say, Phœbe, did you hear of those cousins of mine?"

"It was one of the reasons I wished to see you. I thought you might like to hear of them."

"You saw them?"

"Miss Charteris called on us at Nice. She—oh, Lucy! you will be surprised—she is a Plymouth sister!"

"Rashe!—old Rashe! We reverse the old transformation, butterflies into grubs!" cried Lucy, with somewhat spasmodic laughter. "Tell me how the wonder came about."

"I know little about it," said Phœbe. "Miss Charlecote thought most likely it was the first earnest kind of religion that presented itself when she was craving for some such help."

"Did Honor make such a liberal remark? There, I am sorry I said it; but let me hear of dear old Rashe. Has it made her very grim?"

"You know it is not an embellishing dress, and she did look gaunt and haggard; but still somehow we liked her better than ever before; and she is so very good and charitable."

"Ha! Nice is a grand place for colporteurs and tracts. She would be a shining specimen there, and dissipation, religious or otherwise, old Rashe *must* have."

"Not only in that line," said Phœbe, suppressing a smile at the truth of the surmise, "but she is all kindness to sick English—"



From The Saturday Review, 17 Nov.  
THE ELEMENTS OF SCHISM AMONGST  
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY.

ELEMENTS of discontent are fermenting within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church which have not as yet attracted general attention. Hitherto, indeed, they could have had interest only for the philosopher contemplating human events as the slow evolutions of generations. But now that Rome, in its quality of papal metropolis, is subjected to the full vortex of the Italian crisis, features heretofore carefully hidden beneath the sleek and studiously uniform exterior of ecclesiastical demureness are likely to be brought into rapid prominence, and to become elements of importance in the solution of the great practical problems obtruded on politicians by what is pending in Italy. For between the influence of a pope the object of cordial approval on the part of his Church, and a pope grudgingly obeyed and secretly censured by a large portion of his flock, there would be the same difference as between the power of Garibaldi in the enjoyment of his soldiers' implicit confidence and that of the king of Naples laboring under his well-appointed army's utter distrust. We do not mean to imply that the wholesale and determined spirit of desertion which animated the king of Naples' select followers is a picture of what the pope has already come to. We do not in the least assume to read the future of the ecclesiastical agitation which we believe to exist. Our object is merely to note its possibly very pertinent bearings upon the great problem how to settle Italy. At this time, indeed, it is out of the question to define a movement which is as yet only in an inorganic state. It is sufficient to verify the important fact, that what from afar seems a natural and almost impregnable safety ground for the holy father in distress proves on inspection to afford him, in his present emergencies, very little, if any, firm footing.

The discontent we have in view is not reducible within any category of recognized opinions hostile to the Roman Church. No shade of Protestants from Exeter Hall to Oniel, nor any sect of dogmatists or philosophers, would recognize itself exactly in the views that actuate an opposition against the Vatican from within the pale of its own society. Indeed, these views do not admit of being brought within one system. They proceed from different individual points, being in each case the instinctive expression of feelings brought home in the course of professional experiences. Whatever their intrinsic worth may therefore be,—and thereon we venture no opinion,—the frame of mind that is giving rise to them is an indicator of impressions that have been produced on can-

did natures by their experiences in varied walks of the present papal world, and, as such, they merit notice.

The elements of opposition of which we have now to speak are to be found scattered through all layers of Catholic society—from the mendicant brotherhoods to the selecter circle in contact with the Vatican. In that locality, indeed, they are pretty abundant. The class more or less connected with this region, which is affected with a characteristic kind of discontent, may be called the politicians of the Church. By this denomination we do not mean men haunting the Vatican merely in the sedulous pursuit of selfish and worldly intrigues, to supplant a rival and to filch emolument. Low place-hunters of this sort have in them nothing distinctive of Rome. They teem in every court, and are to be met with in every walk of human existence. We are speaking of persons who reverently contemplate Rome as the Christian metropolis—the seat of the vast see of Christendom—but whom a political turn of mind draws rather to the general administration of its interests than to the management of professional details. At first sight, the dissatisfaction of these political divines at the way in which the pope is administering the Church might seem concentrated in a concrete hostility to Antonelli. But it is of a much more comprehensive nature. These men dislike the cardinal, not because of his office, but because he has lent himself to measures with the principles of which they disagree. It is possible that they may over-estimate the value of points on which they are evidently disposed to lay the utmost stress. They are essentially antiquarian divines, whose studious minds are imbued with the better traditions of early Canon Law, before its spirit had undergone the arbitrary action of papal injunctions and the modifications consequent on the Decrees of Trent. These theologians ascribe the troubles of the Church solely to an undue expansion of papal authority for which they find no warrant in their cherished text-books. They would rejoice in some revival of the more republican equality of the primitive Church. In fact, their disposition sets towards constitutionalism in the ecclesiastical body, and a council is a favorite vision to their minds.

If we pursue our inquiry, we discover that the divine of this class, from whatever country he may come, if he can be got to speak, has to complain of some private grievance of his own particular community, always in the same sense. The Austrian, the Frenchman, the Englishman, alike shake their heads in silent displeasure at a systematic interference with customs, liberties, and practices



that had been sanctioned by the Church in bygone days of undoubted orthodoxy. Each has to mourn some alteration in the ancient constitution of his establishment, made under the influence of inexperienced and overweening counsellors who are by temper and education wholly foreign to the spirit of the bodies they are dealing with. Let us take, for instance, the bulk of our Roman Catholic countrymen of ancient date, and it will be found that their guarded expressions indicate the keenest disgust at the self-inflated upstarts—in an ecclesiastical sense—who have usurped the absolute direction of their concerns. By them the influence of Cardinal Wiseman and Monsignore Talbot—the pope's oracular advisers in English matters—is deprecated as a misfortune for the interests of the body, which are sacrificed to an overbearing vanity and a contemptuous disregard for very positive local conditions. The real adherents of these two prelates are to be found almost solely in the ranks of converts—persons naturally given to an excessive enthusiasm for the dogma of infallibility and a sovereign blindness to matters of fact. Hence, in the eyes of a large proportion of their fellow-religionists, these dignitaries are looked at as representing new elements unknown to the established and hereditary spirit of English Catholicism. Indeed, the growing disgust of the best sections of the Anglo-Catholic community at the way in which its interests are compromised by the overweening arrogance and the blustering superciliousness of Cardinal Wiseman, has inspired remonstrances which ought to have at least commanded attention in the Vatican. The main object of the Cardinal's last journey to Rome, was to plead in person before the pope against a string of most serious charges brought against his episcopal administration by his own coadjutor—a prelate in the enjoyment of universal respect and esteem, and who has never delighted in ostentatious displays of offensive vulgarities. But all such representations either fall dead upon the ear of Pius IX., entranced in favoritism, or, if heard, are sharply rejected, to the confirmation of the discontent which, however outwardly suppressed, is affecting the hearts of the political divines with uneasy forebodings about the future of the Church. By what practical measures these theologians would propose to restore the evidently shaken harmony between ecclesiastical and lay society we cannot tell. It is probable that, with the meekness of truly pious natures, they have never had the hardihood to push his speculations to the point of facing steadily the prospect of a convulsion that yet involuntarily haunts their peace of mind. In fact, the scope of

their views—in so far as already developed—is very limited. They simply desire some administrative remanipulation of the established economy, and by no means indicate any readiness for an intellectual shock capable of setting the mind of the age—or more especially of the orthodox Roman Catholic Church—thinking in a new direction.

But this profounder vein is not wanting within the pale of Catholic society. The starting-point for this deeper impulse on the part of some ecclesiastics is their perception of the practical divorce pronounced between the Roman Church, in her present attitude, and the positive claims of modern society. This the men of this class deplore as totally contrary to the nature of a Church which they regard as designed to be the ark of civilization. They maintain that no antagonism on principle exists between orthodoxy and freedom of self-government or the aspiration to national independence. A disposition to such views is very prevalent amongst the Benedictines, who, mindful of their bright antecedents, have preserved amongst monastic brotherhoods an honorable distinction for scholarship. They would fain cherish the belief that, as in the dark ages, so also in the nineteenth century, their community may be able to prove itself the adequate guardian of advanced knowledge and thought. Several distinguished Benedictines have accordingly expressed political opinions so little in accordance with the old forms of government as to expose the order to much suspicion. Father Tosti, who ranks high amongst Italian historians, was obliged to fly the kingdom of Naples, because, in his *History of the Lombard League*, he had given vent to a national sentiment; and his monastery—Monte Cassino—the finest repository of monastic erudition in the world, was robbed of its presses by order of the king. In the pope's states, the Benedictines have of late been looked at with an evil eye; and their far-famed cradle—the original foundation at Subiaco, by St. Benedict—has been subject to jealous watch on the part of the papal police. Yet the revolutionary significance of this state of feeling must not be exaggerated. Perhaps the most that can be said is that these refined ecclesiastics would only battle with divided zeal and lukewarm affection in behalf of the papacy in its present attitude and conformation. As propounders of a distinct political doctrine, they must be without influence on the present temper of Italy, for they are still followers of that most visionary and happily obsolete notion—Guelphism—which dreams of the pope at once absorbing Italy and presiding over Christendom, combining in his person the incongruous attributes of active sover-

eign over an aspiring people and of impassive patriarch of cosmopolitan congregations. But, indirectly, the action of these ecclesiastics is important, in so far as the peculiarly inoffensive and historical cast of their views secures their admission into timid circles that thereby become inoculated with ideas which, however rudimentary and often absurd, still run on the subject of reform in the existing position of the Church.

The boldest and completest expression, within the range of purely ecclesiastical speculation, that has as yet been given to the tendencies embedded in this vein of thought, has proceeded from the ardent genius of Rosmini. He would have been a remarkable man if he had lived in another age. He might have rivalled the eminence of St. Francis of Assisi or St. Thomas Aquinas. Rosmini was a model of studious and ascetic devotion without morbidness, and combined the most godly holiness of mind with keen powers of metaphysical reasoning. His speculative efforts were directed to bring into harmony the abstruse problems mooted by the most modern schools of philosophy with the teaching of the Church. Into the merits of Rosmini's system we cannot enter here. It is enough to allude to the immense consequences that might result from a mode of discussion which, with the most perfect good faith, did not shrink from exposing the rusty framework of cut-and-dried scholasticism to the full tide of contemporary speculation. But Rosmini, who felt essentially the vocation of an apostle, strove in addition to effect the practical propagation of his ideas within the pale of Roman Catholic society. In a highly remarkable book, the *Five Wounds of the Church*, he dwelt on what he held to be the short-comings in her discipline, without, however, being hurried into the tone of a dissenter. Indeed, his language was ever so devout, his deportment so conciliatory, and the temper of his teaching so reverent, that in the early days of Pius IX. he was designated cardinal *in petto*—a nomination which, after the return from Gaeta, shared the fate of many other good intentions. To carry out, therefore, his design of instilling new vigor into the Church, Rosmini established an Order which received the pope's sanction and goes by his name. It was the founder's intention that it should prove an instrument for spreading sound education and combating what he considered the pernicious influence of the Jesuits. To the nursing of this infant establishment the last days of this pious man were devoted in the retreat where he sought peace from malignant detraction. That this institution will ever gain the importance dreamed for it by the founder is not likely. It was an ana-

chronism of a piece with his whole cast of mind. Still it has not been without effect in giving some impulse to ecclesiastical intellect—especially in the north of Italy—and its houses now amount to about twenty.

This enmity to the Jesuits, openly avowed by Rosmini, is participated by many of the Catholic clergy, and forms the bond of another set of ecclesiastical malcontents. It has attained a publicity not common to such clerical bickerings through the remarkable *History of Clement XIV.*, by the Oratorian Father Theiner. In that book this learned divine—an inmate of the Vatican—has written the most complete justification of the suppression of the order, vouched by documents never before published. There are many other individual points which have supplied various congregations with specific grievances against the administration of Pius IX. on which we cannot dwell. We will only notice the striking attitude assumed by the Dominicans in reference to his greatest ecclesiastical act—the decree of the dogma of Immaculate Conception. Strong in its unambiguous condemnation by their great divine, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Dominicans not only vehemently opposed its enactment, but in many localities even refused to join in the official rejoicings consequent upon its promulgation. They have bowed to the decision of the Church, but with a grudging assent which is notorious. All these elements of opposition may seem so vague as to be incapable of exercising any influence upon the practical problems with which the holy see has got to deal at present. This is correct in so far as none of these sets of opinions contain the adequate solution of those problems, although several tend towards such a result. But it is decidedly incorrect, in connection with the array which these views present of defection from the papacy in the policy pursued by it with reference to these questions. This has become very apparent on the occasion of the Bull of Excommunication launched by the pope against his assailants in the Romagna. Not only was this bull opposed before its promulgation, but since then strong remonstrances against it on canonical grounds have been presented to the pope by eminent divines and even cardinals.

But the kind of influence which the bulk of the Italian clergy may be expected to exert on the issue of the struggle in which the holy see is engaged in behalf of its temporal possessions may be best inferred from an estimate of the disposition which animates that portion of the body which really comes in daily and close contact with the people—the mendicant friars and the working priesthood. It is evident that upon their unflinch-

ing zeal and devotion must rest the only chance for the papacy ultimately to counteract the present strong tide of national sentiment by a more favorable turn of opinion. For it is possible that the existing temper of the Italian populations might be changed in the end by an unflinching propagandism on the part of their immediate spiritual ministers, although it is certain that the views of a foreign and erudite clergy will never touch their hearts. Now, throughout Italy, the Capucins form an exception to the unpopularity that attaches to monastic orders. Unlettered, uncouth, and unclean, the Capucin is of all priests the freest from the harsh spirit of caste. Living with the people, and subsisting on their alms, he has preserved the feelings natural to the humbler classes from which he has himself sprung. Hence the Capucin is popular in the peasant's household, where he is cheerfully welcomed to the pittance that has been set aside for him. In return, he is honorably known for never failing to respond to any call upon his professional services. When, disturbed in the middle of the night by a summons to a poor man's sick-bed, the *curato* is likely to find himself suddenly ailing, the Capucin goes at once abroad to comfort his stricken chum in the humble cottage where often he has been treated to its homely best. This constant intercourse with the people makes the Capucins sympathize with their miseries, their grievances, and their aspirations. They have a lively sense of the Vatican authorities being not merely spiritual dignitaries but very grinding taskmasters, and their reverence towards them has been largely qualified by one important element which is strongly elicited by the questions of the day. For the Capucins' vows of mendicancy cannot dispose them to any especial enthusiasm in behalf of a struggle for temporalities which they perceive must involve fresh sacrifices on the part of the people without doing them any good. A similar process of reasoning

is making rapid progress amongst the bulk of the country clergy. It is well known how low is the average condition of Italian parish priests. However they may figure as members of the ruling caste, they enjoy little of its wealth. For these men the States of the Church cannot be expected to have the attraction of a property. They get no more of their good things than the pauper gets of the dainty dinners which he may contrive to peep at from the street through the ground-floor window. Consequently, there is no reason whatever why this class should be disposed to an enthusiastic devotion for the defence of the holy see's territories against invaders, unless the assailants should threaten to aggravate their already painful condition. They might, on the contrary, be expected easily to acquiesce in a rule offering to their poverty the boon of a somewhat more comfortable position. This is what is unmistakably happening. With profound grief the melancholy conviction has forced itself upon the more candid minds in the Vatican, that the bulk of the country clergy, perfectly satisfied with their treatment by the new government, are quietly forsaking all agitation in behalf of interests that affect merely the Chair of St. Peter. The ecclesiastical dignitaries in the provinces cling, of course, to Rome, but the rank and file of the clergy—sprung from the people, and little above the peasant in instruction—are rapidly acquiescing in the rule of Victor Emmanuel, and certainly show no intention of engaging in a struggle against his government at the price of personal sacrifices. This feeling, which is very decided on the part of two such important bodies as the Capucins and lower clergy, is an ominous symptom of supreme significance. We think it justifies the inference that, as regards a defence of the States of the Church, the papacy has already exhausted the whole of its particular armory in the bolts that have proved so signally harmless.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY delivered his inaugural lecture on Monday in the Senate-house, Cambridge, at two o'clock. The lecture lasted an hour and three-quarters, and was attentively listened to by all present. The Professor paid a just tribute of respect to the memory of the late Sir James Stephen, his predecessor, and in conclusion announced that his lectures would occupy portions of the next Lent and Easter terms.

At the great iron-works of Creusot a machine has been invented for crushing stone. The enormous blocks of granite placed in this crusher are reduced instantaneously to pieces of any given size. This machine, which will supersede the breaking of stone by hand for the mending of roads, will, it is thought, be found equally useful in crushing iron-stone for the blast-furnaces.

From The Saturday Review, 17 Nov.  
HUNGARY AND EUROPE.

THERE can be very little mistake as to the meaning of Garibaldi's announcement that Italy must strain every nerve to meet the war which next spring will bring with it, and that a million of Italians will be wanted in the field. It means war with Austria, a desperate struggle for Venetia, and a revolution in Hungary. No programme of the future could be more openly announced or more unreservedly acted on by all the parties whom it concerns. The Italian army, it is said, will soon contain upwards of two hundred regiments, and every man in every regiment, except perhaps in some of the Neapolitan corps, has only one thought by day and night—how to drive the hated foreigners out of the Quadrilateral. The continental journals which, in the language current abroad in such matters, are held to be the "best inspired," agree in asserting that although the conference at Warsaw ended in no agreement for immediate action, the sovereigns assembled there came to an understanding that, in the event of a French war and a general insurrection of their subject races, they would go so far in rendering each other aid as to occupy important strategical positions in territories not belonging to the occupying sovereign. There has been no bargain, we may feel sure, for any intervention like that of Russia in Hungary in 1849, but it is not improbable that the allies of Austria have agreed to hold important fortresses for her if she is pressed by a conjunction of the French army and revolutionary troops. France is making preparations on a scale nearly equal to that which she adopted on the eve of a great war, when Lord Malmesbury expressed himself satisfied that she was doing nothing, and the world was expected to believe that a force sufficient to baffle Austria was going to Cochin China. Everywhere are heard the rumors of war; and, unless something as yet unforeseen occurs to avert it, a war between Austria and Italy is as likely an event as any that can be assigned to 1861. Whether France or the northern powers will take part in it is much more difficult to foresee. At first probably both sides may feel inclined to see how Austria will deal with Italy and Hungary. That Italy would have no chance in such a war unless aided by Hungary is freely conceded by the Italians themselves. The very possibility of war, therefore, rests with Hungary; and Europe is naturally inclined to ask at this crisis what Hungary wants by war, and how far her demands are justifiable.

It seems now to be nearly certain that the Austrian charter has failed to conciliate the

body of the Hungarian people. They are filled with a settled conviction that every thing conceded by an Austrian emperor must necessarily be a delusion, and is only intended to obtain by stratagem what cannot be obtained by force. There was, however, one test of sincerity which they were prepared to accept. Let Hungary be once more what it was before 1848—let it regain its old Constitution and its old boundaries—and even an Austrian emperor should be trusted. This was the one simple standard by which all imperial concessions were to be judged; and as the concessions actually made fall short of the standard, the Hungarians have agreed to think themselves deceived. They also think that nothing but the fear of the junction of Hungary and Italy has won any concessions at all, and that the stronger they can make this fear the more likely they are to have all they ask. The history of the Hungarian Legion at Naples, and the union of interests between the two countries which so famous a man as Garibaldi has proclaimed, will add new force to the ties which bind them to Italy. It is not, indeed, probable that they really care much for the Italians. If they could have their own way at home, they would not much mind trying the chances of another campaign on the plains of Lombardy. But they think that they cannot separate their political cause from that of Italy, and that the two great foes of Austria must stick close to each other. Common opposition will cement the alliance; and the Hungarians, when their Diet meets, will, on the one hand, use the friendship of Italy to extort new concessions, and on the other hand, will feel bound, both by honor and interest, not to forget the nation that is assisting them. If Italy is used to help Hungary in regaining the old Constitution, the old Constitution can scarcely be accepted without means being taken, sooner or later, to secure the cession of Venetia. Europe will not blame either party to the alliance very severely. It is a subject of great regret that the Austrian empire deserves very little credit for sincerity, but it is a fact, and no one can find fault with the Hungarians for taking precautions against deception. On the other hand, it will seem very natural that Hungary should aid in the restoration of Venetia. Supposing Austria accepts the combat, the world will look on, and only think Austria uncommonly lucky if she escapes utter destruction. But it may not improbably happen that Austria will bend before the storm. A very great and imminent danger may tempt her to let the Hungarians have their own way, and, in time, perhaps to cede Venetia. If this happens, and if Hungary nevertheless insists on her

advantage so as to break up the Austrian empire, the moral feeling and sound judgment of Europe will be strongly against her.

No criticism has substantially shaken the position that, supposing the imperial government had been perfectly sincere, and that honest efforts were made to carry out a liberal system, the arrangement for the Austrian empire sketched out in the charter is the best arrangement. M. Weiss, in his recent essays on Hungary, has, we think, established this conclusively. After it had been once conceded that a great change in the internal government of Austria was necessary, all the proposals for change worth discussing fell under three heads. Either the old constitutions of the provinces might be restored unaltered; or there might be a representative system established for the whole empire, and dealing with all subjects; or the old constitutions might be retained for local purposes, and a central representative body might meet to decide imperial questions. The objection to the first was that it was only another phrase for doing away with the empire. The objection to the second was that a constitution that had no historical foundation would never inspire confidence in its own vitality, and that there were no men in the country with sufficient political experience to work a brand-new constitution to advantage. The third opened a way by which the empire might be preserved and yet its liberties depend on an historical basis, and by which time might be given for the growth of a good central representative body. The great objection to it was that, as it avowedly speculated on the gradual results of time, the period that was necessary to let the system ripen might be used to upset it altogether. The emperor, instead of giving the council of state year by year a more popular character, might trick his confiding people, as he and his ancestors have tricked them before, and make that

body more and more a nonentity. The Hungarians have sought to guard against this danger, and their past experience of Austria may make their apprehensions seem pardonable. But when once they can feel secure, they must show some reason why they should not adopt the best plan for organizing the Austrian empire that can be suggested. The cry for the historical constitution is justifiable if it is to be taken as an expression of their determination not to be taken in; but it will be censurable if it be protracted after the fate of the empire is really in their hands. The example of Italy ought not to delude them. Italy has formed a great state, not broken one up. It has established a settled government where terror and tyranny created and repressed anarchy. The best thing that can happen both for Austria and Europe is, that on the first meeting of the Hungarian Diet, Austria should come to an equitable and unequivocal arrangement by which the claims of Hungary should be conceded to the utmost limits consistent with the preservation of the empire, and that guarantees should be given for the speedy formation of a real representative body at Vienna. Hungary may then repay the debt she will owe to Italy for helping her to frighten Austria into good conduct, and may insist so publicly and solemnly on the advisability of ceding Venetia that the imperial government will have no choice but to acquiesce. It lies with Hungary, far more than with Austria or Italy, to take care that this is the issue of the present crisis; and she will deserve the severest reprobation if she allows passing passion and the excitement of momentary triumph to tempt her into a wilful obstinacy that will throw Europe into confusion, and expose herself and her friends to the risk of losing all the advantages of their present position.

MR. MURRAY is preparing for immediate publication, "The Diary and Correspondence of Charles Abbott, Lord Colchester," in three volumes, edited by his son; and "The Debates on the Grand Remonstrance; with an Introductory Essay on English Freedom under Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns," by John Forster.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 614

A NEW volume of the "*Cœuvres complètes de Shakspeare*," translated with notes and introduction, by M. Guizot: and a Chinese novel, entitled, "*Les Deux Jeunes Filles Lettrées*," translated by M. Stanislas Julien, the celebrated Oriental scholar, has been brought out by Messrs. Didier and Co.



From The Saturday Review, 17 Nov.  
THE IRON-CLAD "WARRIOR."

THE magnitude of the resources of this country was never more strikingly displayed than in the building of iron-plated ships of war. We say nothing of the delay that occurred in ordering these ships, nor of the plan that has been adopted in their construction; but we may dwell with satisfaction on the simple fact that the "Warrior" was commenced in July of last year, and that she promises to be ready to be launched next January. A second operation of the same kind would of course be easier than the first, and therefore it is reasonable to expect that in future these enormous ships can be turned out complete from well-organized private building-yards within eighteen months after giving the order. It were to be wished that the wisdom of the Board of Admiralty were as evident as its enormous power. But at any rate it is consolatory to know that if mistakes are made they can be soon corrected, and that the worst effect of them is likely to be the waste of money. We make no doubt that many curious foreigners have visited the growing "Warrior," and they must have gained from her a notion of the wealth and energy of England which cannot fail to promote European peace. However our government may blunder, it must be unsafe to meddle with a people who, as a French writer says, "travaillent le fer avec une incontestable supériorité," and who could build, if they were hard pressed, a whole iron-plated fleet within a year.

The "Warrior" and her sister ship, the "Black Prince," now building in the Clyde, will be, next to the "Great Eastern," the largest ships afloat. Their burden will be upwards of 6,000 tons, and their extreme length more than four hundred feet. There is this important difference between these ships and the French *Gloire*, that they are iron ships, while she, as we understand, is a ship of wood with iron armor-plates. From the bottom up to about five feet below the water-line the "Warrior" is wholly built of iron, and does not differ much from iron ships constructed for commercial purposes, except in her greater strength. From about five feet below the water-line to the level of her upper deck she is fortified by armor-plates bolted upon blocks of teak. The armor-plates are four and one-half inches thick, and the teak inside them is eighteen inches, and inside both are the ordinary iron plates five-eighths of an inch thick, which are used throughout the ship. Thus, the defences of her sides consist of eighteen inches of the hardest wood and more than

five inches of the finest wrought iron. And besides all these horizontal plates of iron and blocks of teak, the vertical iron ribs of the ship inside the plates, which are of great strength, would help to resist shot. The main and the upper decks are of wood, lined with iron, and here the wood is used for convenience rather than for strength, just as in commercial steamers. The bulwarks are of wood wholly. Thus it will be seen that the "Warrior" is, as we have said, an iron ship with timber introduced in certain parts of her.

One of the most remarkable features of this ship is that her armor-plates do not extend along her entire length. Both her head and stern are unprotected to the length altogether of about one hundred and twenty feet, so that the length of the protected part amidships is less than three hundred feet. There is no doubt that this comparative lightness of the head and stern will tend much to improve the sea-going qualities of the ship. In order to protect what we may call the vitals of the "Warrior" against a raking fire, she is provided fore and aft with bulkheads, or partitions, fortified with armor-plates of the same thickness as those on her sides. Thus her armor-plated sides and ends form together a huge rectangular box about three hundred feet long, having as it were the head and stern fixed on to it. Her bows have been made very strong, so as to enable her to run into another ship without injury to herself. It was at one time proposed to furnish her with a beak, according to the plan of what is called the steam-ram, but this notion was afterwards laid aside. As the present intention is to rig her with bowsprit and masts, like those of a line-of-battle ship, it will be impossible to use her as a ram. She has a stern-post of immense strength, which weighs about forty-two tons, and is, we believe, the largest mass of iron ever forged.

The "Warrior" will carry thirty-six guns upon her main-deck. She has ports upon her flush upper-deck, but it appears to be undecided how many guns she will carry on that deck, and probably this will depend upon how she behaves at sea under the weight of her armor-plates. It would be a very great mistake to overload her, for the increase of armament would by no means compensate for the loss of general efficiency. It is very satisfactory to observe that the sills of her main-deck ports are at least eight feet above the water-line, so that it is to be hoped a rough sea will not impede the working of her guns. She is a very handsome ship, and it is confidently stated that she will have a speed of fourteen knots an hour.

Certainly her shape looks like that of a fast vessel. The broadside view of her does not differ much, except in size, from one of the large new frigates. Her sides fall in very slightly, and in this respect she resembles most of the modern men-of-war. It has been suggested that a return to something like the old pattern, with the sides falling in considerably, would enable her to carry her armor-plates with less of that liability to excessive rolling which may possibly be found an inconvenient or even a dangerous feature of these ships. This is a point of very great importance, because it is essential to good gunnery to have a tolerably steady ship; and if we spoil the platform at the same time that we improve the gun, the introduction of rifled cannon will lose much of its legitimate effect.

Every visitor must acknowledge that the "Warrior" is a very noble effort of constructive skill, and appears to combine a high degree both of offensive and defensive power. Yet the "Warrior" has on each side eighteen main-deck ports, and each of them offers an opening of more than twelve square feet, where both guns and gunners would stand without gaining the least protection from her ponderous armor-plates and blocks of teak. With rifled cannon, in the hands of skilled artillerists on board a steady ship, it would not be difficult to send shot after shot into her portholes. A naval officer has said, and we quite agree with him, "For God's sake keep out the shells!" But it may be feared that the shells will not be kept out. Certainly, a space of twelve square feet is quite large enough for them to enter; and if they lodged in the teak lining of the opposite side, and there exploded, or if they burst on striking against the thin inner plate of iron, the same terrible consequences would follow as are apprehended in the case of weaker ships. The guns of the "Warrior" might be dismounted and her crew slaughtered on the main-deck, without touching one of her armor-plates; and on her upper-deck she is exposed to just the same dangers as any other ship. Her bulwarks might be shot away, and her deck swept with grape-shot either through the breaches made in them or by firing over her bow or stern. There is the whole of her long and wide upper-deck to receive those incendiary projectiles of which we have heard so much,

and if she lay under the guns of a lofty three-decker, her deck might be torn up and even her hold reached by shot and shells. Lastly, there is fifty or sixty feet a-head and astern unprotected by either armor-plates or teak. A good deal might be done against the "Warrior" by powerful and judiciously contrived artillery, worked by skilful hands, without even attempting to test the strength of the fortification of her sides. And yet all the plans that have been hitherto proposed for making vessels more completely shot-proof also tend to impair their sea-going qualities. The "Warrior" is an experiment at producing not merely a superior kind of floating battery, but a cruising ship, protected to a considerable extent by armor. Her seaworthiness and her speed may soon be brought to a decisive test; and in the latter quality we do not think she can fall short of expectation. It is stated that her total cost will not exceed £350,000. Her sister vessel, the "Black Prince," is not in such a forward state, and it is not likely that she can be launched for six months, or thereabouts, after the "Warrior."

If only we can make up our minds what sort of iron-cased ship to build, the task of building any number that can be required will be an easy one for such vast establishments as that where the "Warrior" is now in hand. All the plates and ribs and bolts of iron in the ship are manufactured by the Company which is building her. Thus all the processes of construction are going forward on the same premises and at the same time. A quantity of old scrap-iron is melted into a rude mass, which is hammered into a plate, and planed and grooved, and drilled with bolt-holes, and carried on a tramway to the ship's side, and there hoisted into its place and bolted on. All the beautiful and delicate operations by which steam-power is made to work in iron may be witnessed at Blackwell, side by side with the labors of the ship-builder. A visit to this vast establishment and to the gigantic vessel which has grown up there will inspire the conviction that in the long run this country must be the greatest gainer by the introduction of iron ships of war. Oak has become a scarce commodity in England, but it may be hoped that she has iron enough to last until the Millennium.

From The Saturday Review.  
GLADYS THE REAPER.\*

THE admiration and esteem which the writer of this book, and the characters in it, feel for curates, is not an absolutely conclusive proof that the author is a woman, for, of course, curates may think nearly as highly of themselves as women can think of them, and this book may be written by a curate who is intoxicated with his position. The way in which social probabilities are ignored and the daughters of the "Castle" bestowed on the sons of the tenantry on the estate, has, it is true, something feminine about it. But the strongest proof of sex is given us in the minuteness with which little things are described that never by any possibility could have attracted a man's attention. In *Gladys the Reaper*, at an important part of the book, the heroine comes to the conclusion that the hero is intolerably affected. One of the facts which lead her to this conclusion is the following. The hero has beaten her father at chess, and, on being congratulated on his victory, politely excuses his veteran antagonist's defeat on the ground that his attention during the game had flagged. It seems at first sight odd that anybody should have dreamt of making anybody attach any weight to such a simple remark. But a little reflection will lead us to acknowledge that a woman who was accustomed to think a great deal about little remarks of the kind would make her characters think about them also. There are many women to whom nothing happens of interest or importance in the twenty-four hours. Any occurrence, such as meeting a person who stated that his antagonist at chess had lost the game because he was tired, would assume in their eyes an unjustifiable importance. They would go home, perhaps, and think why he said it, and how he looked as he said it, and what he thought of just before and just after he had said it, and what light generally the remark threw upon his character. To take another instance from this same book. On one occasion, the hero's sister, who is in weak health, and whose husband has turned out a bad man, is returning to her family by train. The author, in alluding to the circumstance, observes that, in the railway-carriage, "of course Netta had the side without an arm, that she might put up her feet when she liked." Here, again, it seems strange that anybody should ever have dreamt that anybody else would think it at all a curious point what the heroine did with her feet while travelling. The train of reasoning in a female author's thoughts would, however,

be natural enough. She would be predisposed from habit and education to regard a railway journey as a very important event. When the conception of making her heroine, among other perils and vicissitudes, undergo a railway journey first flashed upon her, the difficulty would at once suggest itself as to where the heroine, who was an invalid, could put her feet. She would imagine that all her readers would characterize the incident of the railway journey as too wildly improbable for real life, unless the difficulty was cleared up. Accordingly, she would anticipate their objection, and state explicitly, to prevent misconception, that the heroine had the cushions on her side of the carriage all to herself, that she might put up her feet on them whenever she felt inclined.

If *Gladys the Reaper* has not been written by a woman, but by a man, there is not much to be said about it. But, if it has been written by a woman, it is valuable as a work of fiction so far as it shows us the real source of a great deal of the reverence and attachment with which curates meet from their congregations. People are usually inclined to believe that women look on curates as holy, and perhaps emaciated, martyrs, whom the world does not appreciate, and to whom spiritual sweetness, combined with social suffering, lends an indescribable and melancholy charm. This does not appear to be universally the case. The author of *Gladys* looks upon curates as persons who hold a very high social position, and who, though they are not distinguished by a title, like the younger branches of great families, are to be treated with veneration. This is particularly true, it would seem, in the case of London curates, any of whom it is a distinction, in a worldly point of view, to know. Thus the heroine-in-chief, who is the daughter of a gentleman of property, looks down upon, and half despises, the hero, who is the son of one of her father's tenantry, and whom, when her character has been purified by suffering, she ultimately marries, until she hears that he is going to be ordained by the Bishop of London. The hero himself, who is a nice-minded person, though naturally proud and haughty, has to exercise great self-control to keep himself humble after the excitement of his ordination. But, in family life, he succeeds so admirably in this as to win the author's special praise. "He was not," we read, "less devoted to his mother, dutiful to his father, or loving to his brothers because they were good, honest, plain farmers, and he a London curate." No higher encomium could surely be passed upon a curate whom the Bishop of London had ordained than to say that he never forgot to mix in an affable and

\**Gladys the Reaper*. By the Author of "Sim-  
plicity and Fascination." London: Bentley. 1860.

unassuming way with his brothers and sisters who were farmers, and who lived at a distance from the metropolis.

*Gladys the Reaper* is a story of upper-farmer life, for all the persons in it who are not upper farmers are either married into the world of upper farmers, or punished for not being upper farmers by being bored in their domestic relations, or else by being drawn as stupid or unhappy. Upper-farmer life is just as good a subject for an artist as any thing else, if the artist is a person of genius; indeed, the most striking novel of the last few years is a novel of farmer life. But *Gladys the Reaper* is not a picture of any thing—there being in it no particularly vivid face, or indeed scene, which lingers on the memory, except one. This is a scene of lovemaking, and what makes it impossible to forget it is the position of one of the heroines at the time a proposal is made to her. She is leaning upon a cow. Any book in which the heroine receives an offer of marriage across a cow's back, must be a book which, whatever its defects, contains one very remarkable and peculiar incident. Nor is it slight praise to say that we gather from this novel that the author is a person of unexceptionable moral character. There is a decidedly high tone running through the conversations, with the exception of the conversation of one man who marries the hero's sister, and who is ultimately transported for forgery, and that of a Colonel Vaughan, who is an unprincipled person, and upon one occasion, we regret to say, makes use of the expression "confound it." It is no doubt a great thing in favor of a worthless novel, that it should be free, as *Gladys the Reaper* is free, both from flippancy and slang. We think, however, that it is open to some criticism, not because it continually introduces religion and religious things—for there is no reason why the best novel should not be a religious one—but because of the manner in which it introduces them. To thrust very commonplace religious remarks into the mouths of very commonplace heroes and heroines in a conventional and profuse way is really, though doubtless the author of *Gladys* would not think so, an irreverent and objectionable practice. A novel should not be the vehicle which a writer who is debarred by circumstances or by sex from taking holy orders chooses for pouring out upon the world very poor and watery comments and reflections about the most sacred things. There is no reason why the author of *Gladys* should divide indiscriminately for rehearsal among the characters in the book passages which, under happier auspices, might have been turned into weak and washy sermons.

Women fall into this kind of literary fault more naturally and more easily than men. They forget that the very considerable religious influence which they possess with men, and which they exercise almost universally for good, arises not from the particular value of what they say so much as from the pure and beautiful feeling that inspires it. A woman who, knowing that her piety and goodness influence those around her, sits down and writes page after page of pious remarks, and expects thereby to influence the casual reader, makes a wonderful mistake. Face to face, she has been a sympathetic and half-inspired teacher. Upon paper, she is in very many instances nothing better than a good, but half-educated, inexperienced, and rather feeble man. Nor is it merely in the capacity of a thinker and a philosopher that she is unfitted in most cases for writing a religious novel. Her sedentary and quiet life induces her to give to little religious details of a domestic or perhaps nursery character a prominence which in real life they never could possess. Thus in *Gladys the Reaper*, the turning-point of the novel is where an uncle discovers his wife's maid and companion to be his own niece. This discovery is brought about by the medium of a hymn which he hears a little girl repeat from a hymn-book given her by the young lady in question. He is naturally a good deal unmanned, and is represented by the author as unable to go down to the drawing-room to see a visitor, to whom the following fictitious excuse is made for his non-appearance. "Miss Gwynne returned to the drawing-room, and told Roland that Mr. Jones had been quite upset by the Welsh hymn that Minette had repeated, having known it under peculiar circumstances when he was young." In real life most of us might consider it unusual for a gentleman to retire to his bedroom, and to send down word that he was not at home, in consequence of being upset by a hymn which he had known under peculiar circumstances when young. But the author of *Gladys* evidently imagines the incident to be quite a commonplace one and of every-day occurrence. It is evidently a natural thing with some people that she has seen to be upset by hymns which they had heard under peculiar circumstances when young. This reminds us of the story of the converted highway robber and the gold repeater. The highway robber had taken a gold repeater from the fob of an elderly gentleman. Accidentally he touched the spring, and the repeater struck nine. He suddenly recollected having heard a clock strike nine before, in the days when he was happy and innocent.

He burst into tears, restored the repeater to the elderly gentleman, and ever after became an altered and a serious man. As to the peculiar circumstances under which Mr. Jones first heard the hymn, we are at a loss to imagine what the gentleman who was waiting in the drawing-room can have supposed them to have been. To justify the impression the hymn seems to have made upon Mr. Jones' mind, these circumstances must have been excessively peculiar. Perhaps a per-

son might be said to hear a hymn under peculiar circumstances if he heard it while he was proposing to a young lady who was leaning on a cow. If Mr. Jones really did hear a hymn under similar circumstances—as he may have done if, like the brother of the gentleman in the drawing-room, he ever proposed to a lady while she was leaning on a cow, this of course would explain every thing, even his agitation the next time he heard it.

#### MOTHER POPE'S MAUNDERINGS.

Adsbons and bodkins, botherations, treason, sacrilege, and plunder,  
Thieves! Usurpation! Heretics! Help! Robbery! What next, I wonder?

My heart biles fit to bust with rage and fury,  
Wenerable Brothers,  
I don't know which on 'em is wust; the ones is just as bad as t'others.

To take and go and climb my pales, and jump into my sacred garding,  
Without so much as By your leave, and not to say I ax your parding,  
And there to plant Savoy's, and root my carrots up, and dig my tatars,  
Out upon that rampagious crew of fillibusters, rogues, and traitors.

To let loose all my ducks and geese, and fowls which eggs was formed to lay me,  
And all the while for to pretend to love and honor and obey me;  
The hypocrites! And which I hates none more than them my shoe as kisses,  
And makes believe to guard my house, in which they wont let me be Missis.

They've cut my trible cap in half, my gownd of state they've tore to fribbits;  
The ribbles! Oh, that I may live to see 'em swinging all on gibbets,  
Insolent, imperent, unjust, the nasty, good-for-nothing wretches!  
I call sitch rubbidge only fit to burn like filthy tares and vetches.

Himpious, wicked, cruel, wile, profane, detestable, atrocious,  
Abominable, execrable, hinfamous, foul, false, ferocious,  
Owdacious, reprobate, depraved, base, brutal, barbarous, perfidious,  
Wicious, disgusting, treacherous, perjured, monstrous, frightful, horrid, hideous,

Assassins, robbers, traitors, felons, villains, miscreants, deceivers,  
Apostates, blackguards, pirates, cut-throats, infidels, and unbelievers,  
Caitiffs and scoundrels, vagabones, scamps, renegades and rascals,  
Get out, I say!—don't talk to me about your union of Italians.

And then confound their politics, which I've no patience whilst I mention,  
That there disastrous and pernicious principle Non-Intervention!

I do deplore, I do abhor, denies it and protests agin it,  
Particular as applies to me; hang all that's part and parcel in it!

Ah! they'll repent on it one day when these here liberal opinions,  
On them there Savrings their own selves shall bring the loss of their dominions.  
Oh! then they'll beg and pray in wain their neighbors for to send them bullets,  
And bagganets, to ram their wills down their rebellious people's gullets.

Help! Haustria, Spain, and Portigee, all you as holds the true persuasion,  
Agin them parricidal arms; that there degenerate brat's invasion,  
I calls on hevery pious prince and summonses each faithful nation,  
For to defend my sacred rights from this here ojus violation.

Drat all them brigands, buccaneers, riff-raff, and rips and ragamuffins,  
Rascals, tag-rag-and-bobtail, mob, scum, refuge, rabblement and ruff'uns!  
Wuss gang of criminals ne'er walked unchanged, or died with feet in leather,  
Drat them, drat all and every thing, drat everybody altogether!

—Punch.



## MARRIED TO MUSIC.

AN unusually comic "Marriage in High Life," on Saturday last week, took place according to the *Morning Post*, at another Temple of Hymen than St. George's, Hanover Square. The superior classes are now out of town, and nothing is going on at the crack matrimonial temple there but ordinary divine service. Edinburgh, not London, comprised the site of the sacred edifice wherein these nuptial rites were celebrated. The exalted couple were an Honorable of the harder sex and an Earl's daughter of the softer. The report of these aristocratic hymeneals states that the bride "was conducted to the altar by her guardian," a duke, and that—

"As the bride advanced to the altar, the organ played Handel's anthem, '*Exceeding glad*.'"

The bride ought to have been much obliged to the organ. Of course the anthem it played was performed chiefly with a devotional view, and not for a purpose analogous to that of a polka. Still, in advancing to an altar to be married before it, a young lady wants some support rather stronger than a smelling-bottle and the arm of her guardian. Common brides cry on these occasions, and sometimes faint. Nothing can be better calculated to fortify the heart and sustain the spirits of anybody in the immediate prospect of marriage than one of old Handel's anthems—let it be even a funeral one; they are all so jolly. Perhaps, however, "*Happy We*," from *Acis and Galatea*, would have been even more seasonable and suitable than "*Exceeding glad*." Oh! say not that it would have been inappropriate to the sanctity of the edifice and the solemnity of the occasion. For read on, and you will arrive at the statement following:—

"The marriage ceremony was then performed by the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh; and as the marriage party left the chapel, Mendelssohn's "*Wedding March*' was played on the organ."

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is indeed a Temple of Hymen. Mendelssohn's "*Wedding March*" is a movement in a secular direction considerably ahead, we suppose, of any thing in the way of musical accompaniment to matrimony yet ventured on at St. George's, Hanover Square. What would the

bishop say if he heard that a marriage party had been played out of a London church with that jubilant composition—the gem of the music in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*? Perhaps that no tune in the world could have been more opportune; only in the next similar case he would rather have it played just outside the church door by a German band, or, with due respect to the high order of the music and rank of the happy pair, by the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Should, however, the Bishop of London not object to illustration of the marriage service by dramatic music, the example set at St. John's, Edinburgh, may be improved on at St. George's, Hanover Square. If the bridesmaids do not advance to the altar, they may at all events retire from it to the celebrated chorus and waltz assigned to their representatives in Carl Maria von Weber's immortal opera. Mozart, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, might also be laid under contribution to supply harmonious embellishments for marriage in high life. Then Rossini and the rest of the Italian school could be unlimitedly drawn upon. Meyerbeer could furnish selections from *Robert le Diable*; and there is no reason why *Satanella* should not be applied to the same purpose, except that *Satanella* is an English opera. Could not the whole matrimonial service be sung as well as said, responses and all; a musical clerk officiating for a bridegroom without ear?

But the worst of all this will be that the lower orders, aping their betters, and at the same time actuated by their own inferior tastes, will also want to get married to music. Is there not a song called "*Come let us all haste to the Wedding?*" This is the kind of thing you would have at St. Giles' if at St. George's you permitted "*Giovinetliche fate*." Then one thing would lead to another, and you would have couples in the costermongery line advancing to the altar whilst the organ played "*Drops of Brandy*," and dancing out of church to the "*Devil among the Tailors*."

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is of course an episcopal chapel, and it is to be feared that the matrimonial music performed there on the auspicious occasion of a recent "Marriage in High Life," will not, if it should come to the ears of the Scottish public, induce the national mind of Scotland to renounce its definition of a church organ as a "kist fu' o' whistles."—*Punch*

From The Ladies' Companion.  
AN ARTIST'S SKETCHES IN THE SAHARA.

BY C. RUSSELL.

THE winter that I spent in Algeria was one which offered no interval of fine weather between the rains of November and those of winter, which lasted three months, with scarcely the intermission of a fine day: I fled from Blidah to Algiers, from Algiers to Constantine, without any alleviation to this miserable period; I felt I must find a spot where the watery element could not reach me, and thought of the desert. I observed long convoys descending the road that led thither, their faces bronzed with a perpetual sun, followed by their camels loaded with dates and curious productions. One morning, then, I mounted my horse, in a state bordering on desperation, and five days after reached El-Kantara, worn out and wet to the skin, resolved never to stop until I should be face to face with the sun of the south.

El-Kantara—the bridge—keeps the defile, and is, so to speak, the only gate by which you can penetrate from the Tell of Constantine into the Sahara Desert. This passage is a narrow cutting, which you would fancy was made by the hand of man, through an enormous wall of rocks, three or four hundred feet high; the bridge, of Roman construction, is thrown across. Ride over this, and a hundred paces down the defile, you come upon a charming village watered by a deep stream, and lost in a forest of twenty-five thousand palm-trees, and you have your first introduction to the Sahara. Beyond rise a double range of hills, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, which, twelve leagues further, are lost in the immense plains of Angad, the entrance to the Great Desert. The Arabs have an established belief that the rain ceases at this little village, and winter never passes the bridge which separates the two seasons, winter and summer—two countries, the Tell and the Sahara; and the proof they give is, that one side of the mountain is black and the color of rain, and the other rose-colored, promising fine weather.

It is said that the first French regiment that crossed this bridge involuntarily stood still, penetrated with admiration; and the prospect which unfolded itself this evening before my eyes made the tradition probable. The palm-trees were the first I had seen; the little gold-colored village, buried under the green foliage, already loaded with the white spring blossoms; the young girl who came to us, with the splendid red costume and rich necklace of the Desert, carrying an amphora on the hip; her clear complexion, beautiful with precocious youth—still a child,

but already a woman; the old man, her companion, bent, but not disfigured, with age; the whole Desert appeared before me, under its various forms, in all its beauty, and seemed like a wondrous vision. The most incomparable part was the sky; the setting sun gilded, empurpled, and edged with fire a multitude of little clouds, which were detached from the great black circle extended over our heads, and arranged like a fringe of foam at the margin of a troubled sea. Beyond was the azure; through depths that had no limits and inconceivable clearness you saw the country of celestial blue. Warm breezes came up to us, loaded with I know not what mingled scents and aerial music from the flowery village; the sound of rushing water, the songs of the birds, and the rustling of the leaves. At the same moment a Muezzin, unseen, repeated his evening prayer to the four points of the horizon, in a tone so passionate that all nature seemed to be listening.

The day after, our path to Boghar led us over the mountains—an irregular mass of conical hills separated by deep ravines, at the bottom of which ran little streams, with abundance of oleanders in flower; the slopes were covered with brushwood and the summits with oak trees; whilst a few squares of barley denoted the presence of the Arabs. The proprietors you never meet; they do not like their abode to be known, nor to tell their name or speak of their occupation: the huts are built in the most hidden spots, and from this invisible retreat they mark the travellers who pass and the road they take. All the habits of the Arab peasant betray this system of precaution and espionage; the possession of land embarrasses him, and hence nothing looks more abandoned than the countries inhabited by their tribes.

After five hours of painful climbing, hanging to the manes of our horses, we perceived with joy, in a cleared space, a white house, built by the French as an official residence for the chief of the tribes and an hotel for travellers. Two black tents had been raised as an asylum for us and our servants, and the Caïd Si Djilali had come expressly to receive us on the threshold of the Arab country, with great hospitality. Our host is a fine specimen of the mountaineer, with a well-shaped head an ardent and fine expression, and a frequent smile, which shows his superb teeth. He wears two burnous—a black over a white: the upper is of coarse camels' hair, heavy and rough, and, raised over the shoulder, forms two regular folds. It makes the tallest men appear short, so much breadth does it give, whilst it adds much to the majesty of their bearing. Add

to this the red morocco riding boots, a chaplet of brown wood, a leather belt buckled at the waist, and worn by the rubbing of the pistols, and, finally, a long string of amulets hanging over a *haik* of fine wool and silk; all wool and leather, without embroidery or ornament, neither silk nor gold tassels: such was the severe attire of our host.

The Diffa is the repast consecrated by custom and etiquette: it was served in a small room. The carpet, too large, was rolled against the wall, and served to sit against; a single wax-light, held by a servant kneeling before us in perfect immobility, was our only light. First came in one or two sheep roasted whole, empaled on long spits and laid on an immense wooden dish placed on the carpet: the master of the house cuts out the best slice, and offers it to the principal guest. It is accompanied with hot buttered cakes. Then came ragouts—half mutton and half dried fruits, with a highly seasoned cayenne sauce. Then followed the couscoussou—cooked flour and water passed through a sieve, and vessels of water and sweet and sour milk. The meat was taken in the fingers and torn. For the sauce there is but one spoon, which goes the round of the guests. The couscoussou is generally rolled into a ball in the right hand, and swallowed much as you would a pill. The custom is to sit around the dish, and each make your own hole. An Arab precept recommends you to "leave the middle, for the blessing of Heaven descends upon it." Coffee, tea, and tobacco are served only to Christians, and are wholly unknown among the Arabs of the south. There are many poor people who have never tasted them. Yet we always picture, most incorrectly, an Arab armed with his long pipe, as we see the Turks: many look upon it as a vice nearly equal to that of drinking wine.

Our next day's journey led us through a fine oak forest, which, after a time, was exchanged for a much more extended horizon, a barren valley, and a landscape of a gray yellow color. One valley which we passed through was so singular that I shall never forget it. Imagine a country, all earth and stones, tossed about by arid winds and burnt to its very centre, polished like porcelain, and dazzling to the eye; so dry that it seems as if it had been submitted to the action of fire; without the smallest trace of cultivation—not a blade of grass or a thistle; horizontal hills, that might have been flattened with the hand, and narrow valleys, as clean and bare as a barn floor before a thresher begins his work. Sometimes a fantastic hill, if possible still more desolate, with an unformed block resting on the top, like an aërolite fallen on a mass of burning

flint; and all from one end to the other, as far as the eye can reach, neither red nor yellow nor bistre, but exactly the color of a lion's skin. Neither summer nor winter, sun nor rain can make this soil verdant; all seasons are useless, and from each it only receives chastisement.

We were three hours in crossing this extraordinary tract, on a day without a breath of air, and in an atmosphere so immovable that our riding through it did not raise a breeze. The dust rolled without rising, and the sky was covered with large copper-colored clouds on an azure ground. Nothing living was to be seen, but occasionally an eagle slowly crossed the solitude to regain the wooded mountains of Boghar. On our exit we gained the first plain of the south, an immense perspective of twenty-five leagues without any visible undulation.

Perhaps the word Sahara is too often understood to mean desert; but it is the general name for a large tract, composed of plains, uninhabited in certain places, but well populated in others. It contains two distinct populations: the one sedentary, with fixed centres in towns or villages, in spots where the supply of water is never-failing; the other, the race of Arab conquerors, nomade and living under tents: the first are agriculturists, the second shepherds. A common interest unites the two, yet it does not prevent each having a hearty contempt for the other. In those plains which the rain renders habitable the population is immense.

It was at a morning halt near El-Gonea, on a lovely clear day, that I saw the first tents and camels, and felt with delight that I was in the land of the Patriarchs. Old Hadji-Meloud received us, according to custom, in large tents raised for us, in the midst of numerous servants and great state. Much was eaten, and we drank coffee out of little green cups, on which was written, in Arabic, "Drink in peace." The scene was one of great simplicity, the tents of striped red and black cast two immense square shadows on the bare ground, the only ones in the wide extent of horizon. Standing in them were the old man and his two tall sons, all dressed in black; whilst behind them and in the full sun was a circle of people squatted, in dirty white, without voice or movement, and winking under the brilliancy of the sun's rays. Servants dressed in white passed noiselessly from the tents where the repast was cooking, to bring it to us. In a corner of the *douar*, I could see large herds of camels, with their long necks lying on the sterile mounds; the ground as bare as sand, and the color of a ripe barley-field.

We left our horses, and took a convoy of twenty-five camels. Their drivers are tying

on their sandals—dark men, in black burnous, thin as their animals, nourished on some trifling pittance, sleeping no one knows where, and performing, with their indefatigable camels, journeys beyond all belief. Our little caravan preserves a certain degree of order: first come about thirty horsemen; then follow the camels, with their drivers stimulating them with sharp cries, and whistling. Our khrebir rides at the side, on a large white horse, with his gun and lynx skin hung to his saddle. Besides our escort and servants, we take three Amins of the Mazabites, with their suite, who are going to settle some political difficulties which the French have with the Mazab. One is a tall, rough cavalier, in warlike array, who gracefully rides his fine horse, which is saddled with purple velvet and gold, and wears a scarlet cloth over the breast. Another, called Si-Bakir, has an honest, jovial face—very little, very fat, and sits astride his little mule like a round ball: he is a rich citizen, who has three Moorish baths at Algiers, and a son at Berryan; and he speaks to me, with equal affection, of his child, his baths, and the celebrated dates of his country. He is dressed pretty much as he would be in his bedroom, his legs encased in woollen stockings, and his feet in black slippers; his defence against the sun consists of an immense straw hat, the size of a parasol, ornamented at the top with ostrich feathers. As he shows me much friendship, and as he knows just as much French as I do Arabic, our communications are very amusing, but rarely instructive.

One evening when we encamped near Boghari we sent into the town for music and dancers. Our people lighted immense fires before our red tent, and we sat watching the torches that slowly approached us from the village; then the languishing sound of the Arab flute wafted by the tranquil night air marked the arrival of our six musicians, and as many veiled women, escorted by a large party of Arabs, who invited themselves to the diversion and seated themselves in a large circle round our fire. The effect was something like one of Rembrandt's pictures; heads turbaned with white, arms without bodies; movable hands to which no arms seemed to be attached; bright eyes and white teeth, set in almost invisible faces; half a dress in bright light, the other half emerging with strange caprices out of shadows thick and black as ink. The stunning sound of flutes, coming we know not from whence, and four tambourines of skins shone in the lightest part of the circle, like large gold discs, seeming as if they shook and sounded of themselves. Our fires, which were fed with dried branches, poured out

long wreaths of smoke mingled with jets of flame; and beyond this strange scene you saw neither sky nor earth nor tent; around everywhere there was nothing but the absolute blackness which can exist only in the sightless eye of the blind.

The dancer stood in the centre of this attentive assembly, slowly undulating her body, stretching out her beautiful hands, as if for a conjuration, and rather seeming to be acting a scene in Macbeth than any thing else. The Arab dance expresses with much more real grace, and in mimic language more refined, the little drama of the tender passion, than the Moorish. Our dancer, who was not pretty, had that kind of beauty that suited her movements: her pale face was surrounded with thick rolls of hair plaited with wool; she wore her long white veil and red haik, on which sparkled a profusion of jewels, to perfection; and when she extended her bare arm, ornamented to the elbow with bracelets, she was certainly superb. I do not think I took the same pleasure in the spectacle as the Arabs did, but it was, at least, a vision which will remain among the *souvenirs* of my journey; the pantomime was long, and lasted until both musicians and dancers were weary, when they closed with a terrible charivari of flutes and tambourines.

The day after, we encamped about noon, at Ain-Ouscra, the saddest *bivouac* we met with in our whole route, on the borders of a muddy black pool, edged with green rushes and a limitless plain all round. A large flight of vultures and ravens occupied the spring, ranged in two lines, their backs curved and so immovable that it required some shots to disperse the yellow and black pilgrims. The first sight of a desert country strikes you with a singular feeling of depression; the plain of thirty leagues is alternately cut up into marshes, or sands, or covered with tufts of *alfa*, wormwood, sea purslain, and more rarely with thorny shrubs and pistachio trees. The latter is a providential tree in these shadowless regions, where its branches form a real parasol of sixty feet diameter; it bears bunches of red berries, slightly acid and pleasant to the thirsty palate. When our convoy passes one of these trees, the camel-drivers, who are mounted, tear off handfuls of the fruit, and throw them down to their companions on foot; whilst the camels, with outstretched necks, lay in a good meal of fruit and leaves.

The *alfa* is a most useful plant: it serves for food for horses, and the people of Sahara weave it into mats, hats, bowls, and jars for milk. But for the traveller it is the most wearisome of all vegetation, and, unfortunately, when it begins it covers leagues.



Imagine the same tuft springing up like a little rush, agitating and waving with the slightest breeze, over which you go stumbling along, the eye wearied with the monotonous green without a single variation to rest on; the road itself being marked with large blocks of stone. It serves as a retreat for all kinds of game, hares, rabbits, and *gargas*; but there is never any water; the soil is gray, sandy, and a rebel to all vegetation.

For myself, I much prefer the stony tracts, dry, hard, and mingled with saltpetre, where an army of little animals rush about, friends to the sun and to long siestas on the warm sand. The gray lizards are innumerable, and their agility seems increased by living under such a sun. Sometimes a viper lies stretched out, like a dry twig, or rolled under a tuft of wormwood, rouses up at your approach, and glides into his hole. Rats as large as a rabbit, and agile as lizards, show themselves and disappear at every opening, as if they gave themselves no time to choose their asylum, or as if they were at home everywhere. In the midst of this mute, ugly, and venomous population, sing and fly the larks of our own land; the red throat, another autumn songster, replies from the top of the leafless almond tree. The melodies of the one resemble a little song mixed with tears; the other, consisting of but one note, is deep and passionate.

At daybreak we have in sight the little *douar* and immense flocks belonging to the tribe of Ouled-d'Hyia, the first we have met since our entrance into the Sahara. The Caïd received us; but we only took time to unbridle our horses, rest under the shade, and eat a few dates, with camel's milk, the water here being scarce and extremely bad. The *douar* did not consist of more than fifteen or twenty tents, which represent one of the smallest of these nomade hamlets; they were red, striped with black, picturesquely supported by a multitude of poles, and retained in the ground by picquets. All around, and heaped pell-mell, were kitchen and household utensils; war accoutrements, belonging to the master of the tent; mill-stones to grind corn, heavy mortars to beat pepper in, wooden dishes for the preparation of couscous, sieves through which it is passed, perforated jars for cooking it, bowls of plaited alfa, travelling bass tent carpets, wheels to spin wool, and iron teeth to card it. Amid all this disorderly array of dirty, blackened articles, one or two square coffers, painted in bright colors and studded with brass nails and locks, contain the most valuable part of the owner's property and the jewels of his wife. Beyond the tents the

ground is covered with carcasses and offal, spots blackened by the fires hollowed in the ground, and surrounded by three hearth-stones, masses of dried branches, and black, long-haired skins suspended between three poles, gypsy-fashion. In the immense plain the camels browse during the day without keepers, re-assembling at night at the sound of a trumpet, to sleep near the *douar*.

Such is the home where the Saharien nomade passes half his life—the man who does nothing (for to work is a disgrace). The wife looks after every thing; whilst the vigilant dog stands sentinel—patient, sober, and suspicious as his master. The other half of his life is passed in travelling. At another time I will describe the tribe on its march—a wonderful spectacle, which renews under our eyes in modern times the wanderings of the children of Israel.

I suppress our bivouac by the Rock of Salt, and hasten on to the plateaux of D'jelfa, which we reached at nightfall. The house of the Kalifat is a large square mass of walls lost in the desert, fifty leagues from Boghar, and yet we supped in a large, clean room—a table crowded with guests, cheerfully lighted with wax-lights, served in the French style; clean white table-linen, covered with silver and glass, and four caraffes filled with milk and lemonade. The Kalifat Si-Cheriff is a tall, stout person, almost without beard, a placid face and sparkling eyes, carelessly dressed in a white haik, and wearing a veil like the Marabouts. He is the head of an immense, rich, commercial tribe, extending far to the south, and is known as one of the bravest and most opulent of the princes. His birth, high political position, and the illustrious antecedents of his military life, give him immense weight among his people. Independently of this official residence, he has a real home in the pastures near the Rock of Salt, where are his six thousand camels and innumerable sheep. He divides his time between his woollen tent and his stone house, bringing to the latter nothing but his horses, military attendants, and his wife.

I say his wife, because they speak of a Madame Si-Cheriff, whose history somewhat resembles a romance. She is a Spaniard. A man who has since disappeared, and whose sudden death was never satisfactorily explained, brought her and a younger sister to the Deira of Abd-el-Kader when in the height of his power. They were both very pretty. The elder was given as a wife to Si-Cheriff; the younger to his cousin. Both have followed, under the French alliance, the fortunes of their husbands, and never thought of protesting against the marriages



imposed on them—adopting not only the costume, but also the Arab tongue, to the extent even of forgetting their own.

I saw their child this morning (a pretty little boy of four years old); he was in his class in a school founded by Si-Cheriff, and dressed like his poorest companions, with bare little feet and a frock of dirty, shabby, white stuff. One of my travelling companions, who has often had an opportunity of making his acquaintance, had brought a present for him from Algiers of a French silk, a wooden sword, and a fine woollen shirt. As for his aunt, Madame Si-Cheriff's sister, she is never to be seen at D'jelfa, preferring life in a tent, and abandoning to no one the care of her wandering household and the management of her flocks.

Although this *bordj* is an eyesore in the midst of the desert, with its new frontage, its roof of yellow tiles, and unfortunate resemblance to barracks, yet it awakens remembrances of life in feudal times. The gates, lined with iron, are open during the day; the stables are filled with a great number of horses, neighing and pawing each time that a fresh cavalier presents himself at the entrance of the court. The new-comer spurs straight to the threshold, stops suddenly, and throws himself off there. Under the shadow of the gallery, cross-legged on a bench, with a chaplet in his hand, sits the Kalifat, who permits his numerous clients to embrace him, and gives them audience. They throw themselves on his neck, as if they intended to stifle him, and kiss his great white head, generally standing as they speak, although some familiars are seated near him, and often a man in rags, the lowest of the tribes, joins in the conversation of the prince as freely as if he were his favorite. The respect for rank, which is enormous among the Arabs, does not exclude a singular familiarity between masters and servants. The audience ended, the cavalier clashing his long spurs, walks away to his horse, which, panting, foaming, and with the drops of blood on its sides, waits as if nailed to the spot. Gentle and courteous animal! as soon as its rider lays his hand on its neck, its eye kindles, and once in the saddle there is no need for the spur; it shakes its head, the brass or silver on its accoutrements rings, its noble neck arches proudly, and it starts with an attitude like the equestrian statues of the victorious Cæsars.

But the *bordj* is not always silent or filled with peaceable visitors; like the old castles, it has its moments of alarm; and festival days. Sometimes it is the young Bel-Kassem, who goes out hunting, accompanied by his greyhounds, his falconers in gay dresses, strange-looking pages, and himself carrying

a hooded falcon on his leather gauntlet. If, on the contrary, an enemy is signalled, or a turbulent tribe requires punishment, Si-Cheriff comes out in person with his warlike retinue. Two or three hundred warriors are grouped confusedly round a tricolored standard—red, green, and yellow; gun in hand, upright in the saddle, waiting for the Kalifat. He appears booted and spurred, but without arms in his hands; only round his waist is a heavy belt full of cartridges and long pistols with brilliant studs. Two negro servants are beside him: one carries a sabre in a chased scabbard, and a rifle inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the other, his straw hat with silk streamers. He seats himself heavily on his white horse, throws back his burnous with a graceful gesture, in order to free his right hand to command or to act in case of need, and giving the signal, heads the troop with his standard, and starts off at a gallop. This is the most advanced side of Arab civilization, and certainly the most brilliant.

We bid adieu to Si-Cheriff at early dawn on the first of June, not without feelings of regret at parting. About eleven o'clock the heat suddenly became excessive, the cloudless sky was covered with white streaks like immense spider's webs. The wind rose and veered to the south, and its violence soon proclaimed it the Sirocco. At first the gusts were but passing; sometimes hot sometimes cold. Then they became more frequent and hotter; the sky was of a red color, through which not an atom of blue was visible; the horizon was of a leaden hue. At length the wind became continuous, and like the exhalation from a furnace—rising even from the soil itself, which positively burnt my horse's feet. As for myself, had it not been for the fatigue of sitting in my saddle, I should have felt my hot envelope really delightful, and, setting aside a traveller's curiosity, I was not sorry to breathe this storm of sand and fire coming from the desert. We encamped near the little village of Hamra, at a moment when the storm was fiercer than ever; it nearly overthrew my tent. Bakir and his companions were soon buried under theirs, and did not trouble themselves to raise it again. It was almost night, though only six o'clock; our horses stood immovable, hanging their heads; the camels would not eat, but lay down close together, with their necks stretched on the sand. Soon after, the darkness was total; not a star visible. A number of jackals came howling past; but, though nobody was asleep, there was no movement, and the fires and lights were all extinguished.

The same wind continued for three days. Men and beasts were all but exhausted, and

thankfully looked forward to the shelter El-Aghouat would offer. It seems strange that after a few leagues we shall meet with a large town lost like an island in the desert—a centre without suburbs. Almost all Arab towns, especially in the south, are preceded by cemeteries—large open spaces, covered with a multitude of little stones, arranged in order, and through which the people pass as on a highway. Passing through this you see before you a square black hole, in a heavy iron gate, which is the entrance to one of the streets, and a sentinel of the Turkish battalion, in a blue vest and white turban, crouches in the shade. Beyond stretches a narrow corridor between gray walls without windows, and pierced here and there with square holes, as doors, whitened with chalk; a white pavement sparkling like steel, with an imperceptible trace of shadow down one side; not a creature to be seen, and a silence as insupportable as the heat.

"Such is El-Aghouat at noonday," said M. N., an officer who had ridden out to meet me.

A little further we passed before the shops and *cafés*; shades were stretched across the street, and a party of smokers squatted on benches were assembled, composing all the animation of the town, and consisting of spahis, horsemen of Mahkzen, and Arabs dressed in white. M. N. led me straight to the commander's house, situated in an irregular square, through which a stream runs, and a gigantic palm-tree, straight as a mast, rises; in the centre a herd of yellow camels were quietly sleeping. The sun was fearfully hot, the leather of my bridle burnt my hands, and the perfect silence showed that the garrison were taking their siesta. My resting-place for the next month was pointed out to me as the best lodgings in El-Aghouat, and, considering the many strange homes I have had, I was not surprised at the dirt and indigence of these, where a number of Arab sweepers were busy throwing an extraordinary mass of manure, dry straw, and dust from the terrace into the court, and from thence into the street.

Thanks to the kindness of Lieutenant N., I soon began to make acquaintances, and with him paid a visit to some Arab houses, which are generally occupied by three or four families. You enter by a dark, narrow passage, into a court, as filthy as a stable, and only when your eye is accustomed to the gloom, and your hearing roused by the click of machinery, do you distinguish in each room a loom filled with white threads, and through which brown fingers are throwing the shuttle. Woollen haiks, cheap burnous, and counterpanes, are all woven at

home. Then little girls, paler than their mothers, spin the thread on a distaff ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers. The babies are laid in the corner, with nothing on but a rag over the face to preserve them from the flies. But everybody works, and in the greatest silence: each household spreads its dinner in one corner of the court, in the midst of millions of flies, in an atmosphere of heat, and exhalations from the mass of dirt which it is impossible to describe. In the evening the stoves are lighted, the skins are filled with water or milk; the meal is prepared, and the husband returns, not from work, but from sitting idly under the shade of a wall, and the family is reunited under the lovely sky of night, almost as light as most days in Europe.

Sometimes we spend our evenings in D'jeridi's *café*, the best-frequented circle in El-Aghouat, where a dozen figures, all in white, some smoking, all giving forth a strong odor of musk and benzoïn, stretch their bare feet, touching each side of the narrow street. Aouimer is one of the beaux of the town: he has animation and gayety. Though an excellent soldier and brilliant horseman, his true place is at the Moorish *café*, drawing strange, languishing notes from his reed flute, or dancing like the Alma girls of the south.

The hour near midnight is so beautiful—the soft wind waving the palm-trees, the violet sky studded with diamonds, and the milky-way stretching over our heads, made the sense of living so enjoyable, that even I found Aouimer's music admirable. I leaned towards my friend, who was gravely smoking his cigar and looking reflective, and said,—

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing!" he replied.

"And what do you say to the night?"

"I say that you grow accustomed to it, my dear friend. If I thought about anything during the warm nights that I have sat here, I should have become too philosophical to be a soldier." Then he interrupted Aouimer, and said, "My dear Aouimer, will you dance a little?"

The wish was complied with, but one by one the guests departed, or stretched themselves on the benches. The night air blew freshly, and made me shiver. I looked at my watch—it was half-past three.

"Let us go and sleep," said the lieutenant.

"Where?" I asked.

"In the square, if you like."

And taking two mats from D'jeridi's shop, we finished our night in the Place D'Armes.

From The Press.

## ALPINE CLIMBING.

IN the mountain-village of Cormayeur, above the city of Aosta, lie three English graves,—the torrent raging at their feet, and with the eternal snows of Mont Blanc as a canopy overhead. It will be remembered that three English travellers, during the past summer, attempted the pass of the Col du Géant from the valley of Chamounix, and were lost, together with their guide, in the descent. Two porters bearing the baggage of the party came to Cormayeur to tell the terrible story. The mountain-guides at once turned out, found first their companion at the foot of a precipice, and then the three English travellers at short spaces in succession, tied together with a rope, and horribly mutilated. With four men to each of the four corpses, the remainder of the pass was descended: and the bodies of our countrymen now lie just without the town, in three graves side by side, in a small enclosure set apart for Protestant burial. We shall not enter into the many questions which this sad tragedy has brought into debate,—as to whether travellers should in all cases be attached by ropes to their guides, with other details of mountain-climbing, upon which there seems to be room for the usual diversity of opinion. But we think that in the cause of humanity it may be well to consider whether the present inordinate rage for reaching the summits of “inaccessible mountains” has not already gone far enough,—whether any commensurate advantages are likely to result from ten or fifteen hours’ wading through snow knee-deep,—whether the cause of science may not be equally advanced, and the poetry of a Swiss tour as fully enjoyed, by less ambitious routes, involving less peril of human life.

The present passion for snow and glacier adventure is of comparatively recent growth. It is true that Saussure and some few other scientific inquirers explored with much bravery those vast fields of ice, or rather frozen cataracts, which take their origin in mountain summits. But the existing furor which has carried the vagrant crowd of mere ordinary miscellaneous travellers into these wild regions is of but recent origin. Several causes doubtless have conspired to this result. The flood let loose during the summer and autumn months from city-life rushes impetuously across the face of Europe, and bounds over hills and alps which lie across the prescribed path. The hordes of excursionists which Wordsworth feared as a desecration to his sacred seclusion among the Cumberland lakes have now by the aid of steamers and railways taken more distant flight; and the energies which for ten months

of the year are usually pent up in counting-house or manufactory exult in the freedom which for a few short weeks comes as the reward of days and nights of anxious toil. As an antidote to the fever of commercial competition or the fag of professional duty, a tour in Switzerland leaves little or nothing to be desired. The hot air of close rooms is exchanged for the exhilarating breeze fresh from the mountains; for the ceaseless stir of crowded streets, are stilly solitudes broken only by the fall of the avalanche or the cry of the Alpine horn. Here may shattered nerves find health-giving tonic, excitement sink into calm repose, and corroding care know, at least for a season, oblivion. Thus, by a kind and compensating Providence, evils which threaten our social system find ready remedy; steam and railroads, which have rendered life in the present day emphatically fast, afford in themselves swift and sure relief, carrying the fagged-out man of business into regions which in former times lay far beyond his reach. It must be confessed that this fresh aspect of recreation and pleasure-taking, though often pushed to wild excess, is an advance upon the old method of droning away monotonous days at fashionable watering-places, with a few bathing-machines on the beach, and a stock of worn-out novels in the reading-room.

The unwonted madness, which, as we have said, has seized the crowd of Alpine travellers is in great measure due to the youthful ardor of “The Alpine Club.” The qualification for membership in this novel association has hitherto been little more than long legs, and an undue development in the heel of the tendon Achilles. To rush up a mountain at unprecedented speed, to devour cold chicken and open champagne at unaccustomed heights,—these are the feats which this society of young gentlemen has already accomplished. During the past season it was not unreasonably felt that the renown and usefulness of the association might be augmented by importing into its operations some small scientific element. Hence to the oft-repeated scientific experiment of boiling water at various elevations is now added the less hackneyed exploit of placing thermometers upon mountain summits. It is certainly no fault of the promoters of this scheme that the instruments have in some cases been already stolen. It is certainly not the fault of this society that no detectives are stationed on the high Alps to prevent such depredations. Storms, too, may come to destroy or carry away the frail and slightly attached apparatus. But it surely is no fault of this well-meaning association that those of its members who in so praiseworthy a manner are giving themselves to

scientific pursuits find it not quite so easy as they might wish to drive a nail into the side of Mont Blanc, and hang out a registered thermometer or rain-gauge just as if it were a mere wall in Pump Court, Temple.

In the mean time the physical geography, geology, and poetry of the Alps remain just where they were. The theory of glaciers, the great Alpine phenomena, rests still undetermined. The three or four hundred glaciers of Switzerland, some covering whole districts, extending over many miles of surface, bridging across distant mountain-peaks, sending forth arms and branches into inhabited valleys, and lastly feeding the great rivers of Europe with their melted ice-snow,—these grand phenomena of nature are still in their structure and mode of operation the subjects of fierce controversy. Not only the extent, but still more the power and the motion of these vast masses, arouses the wondering imagination and staggers the incredulous intellect. That these creatures of lifeless petrification should move onwards, day, and night, summer and winter, by steady persistent step,—that they should tear away and carry down in their course huge masses of the hardest rock,—that they should plough furrows upon the mountainside, turning up the earth as in ramparts along their line of march,—these are phenomena which have naturally aroused the wonder of every traveller, and incited the inquiry of many a philosopher. But the theory of glaciers, as we have said, more especially in their motion, still remains in some measure a matter in dispute. Some have held that by the accumulation of fresh snow in the upper regions of their formation they sink and slip over the underlying surface merely by their weight, in obedience to the law of gravitation. Others have relied upon the well-known expansion of water in the act of freezing for the generation of the force needed for their onward propulsion. Then came the well-considered explanation of Professor Forbes, the result of long and careful investigation upon the Mer de Glace. Since the publication of his great work, a noble example of intellectual enterprise and scientific induction, the so-called “viscous theory” has, we believe, obtained general acceptance. A glacier, it is said, may be regarded as a semi-frozen river,—neither water nor solid ice, but something between the two. Hence it is able to pass through narrow straits, then swell into broad lakes,—to sink into hollows, to fall in cataracts over precipices, and rise over impeding barriers, and so flow on till it melts away into the stream which awakens at its feet. This theory we think will be proved to be sub-

stantially correct. But within the last few months, as our readers were in due course informed, Professor Tyndall has assailed the doctrine of Forbes and brought out a counter-explanation of his own. Tyndall disputes that the body of a glacier is “viscous” or semi-fluid, and allies himself to a more solid theory. This, as we understand, is the present state of this most interesting question—a subject to which we would draw the special attention of members of the Alpine Club, and of all other travellers who to health and pleasure-seeking would wish to add some express intellectual purpose. Thus the intelligent tourist might find, and indeed does find, in this land of wonders, many a topic in physical geography and general science to give to excursions an intellectual object, and to after-days questions for thoughtful investigation.

As for the poetry and pictorial treatment of mountain scenery, we fear they have been but little promoted by this modern passion for Alpine-climbing. Little indeed, perhaps, has been done for the poetry of Switzerland since Coleridge wrote his well-known Hymn addressed to Mont Blanc from the valley of Chamounix—since Byron penned his immortal lines to “clear placid Leman,” to “Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love,” and laid the scene of “Manfred” on the Wengern Alp, in full view of the Jungfrau. We had, however, almost forgotten the contributions which Mr. Ruskin in his writings, following in the footsteps of Turner, has made to “mountain gloom and mountain glory.” Yet we do not for the moment recall in his eloquent works any one great passage in which inspiration has been directly taken from Switzerland. Words, said Shelley, are weak,—and never more weak than when they essay to picture those scenes of terrible grandeur which appall the imagination and hush the tongue to silence. There is perhaps, no country which presents greater difficulties to the painter or the poet than Switzerland. Anomalous as the assertion may appear, yet undoubtedly it is true that the task is easier to exalt a small subject than to preserve the magnitude of a vast one. In writing there is always the temptation to indulge in superlatives, which, unless carefully used, betray weakness rather than augment strength; or to employ epithets and metaphors, which lead to a mere decorative style, and destroy the simplicity essential to grandeur. In exchanging word-painting for the pencil or the brush, the difficulties which meet the artist are essentially the same. There is in Alpine grandeur something too vast for the hand to grasp; paint and canvas are too

narrow in their limits and resources to deal with boundless space and resistless force. Hence is it that artists have frequently given up the task in despair, declaring that Switzerland is unpaintable. Hence do picture-seekers prefer Betwys y Coed in Wales, to Chamounix in Switzerland; and hence, in the sister art of poetry, did Wordsworth love above all his Cumberland lakes, as giving all the beauty and grandeur of form, all the play of sunshine and shade, all the drama of the elements which poet or painter could demand. Yet for ourselves we ever cling to the idea that for art much yet may be done in Switzerland. The difficulties certainly should not deter the man who feels himself endowed with sufficient mental force. The solution of the problems involved depends wholly upon the possession of strength of genius sufficient to cope with that genius of nature which is here found in such gigantic proportions.

In view, then, of these considerations,

looking at the great ends which the earnest and intelligent traveller may work out, we denounce that brainless enterprise which in mad haste seeks merely to climb a mountain and accomplish a physical feat. During the late summer four English lives have been lost, and, as far as we know, no good purpose accomplished. It may not be within the reach of every one to become a poet; time may not permit the making of sketches or pictures; and it were unreasonable to suppose that cursory travellers can prosecute systematic investigations. Yet each may do something, at least, within the sphere of his own intellectual culture. In conclusion, then, we would say to the traveller, less climbing and more contemplation. The valleys of the earth were meant as the appropriate sphere for ordinary mortals. And we cannot but think that chamber-counsel fresh from the Middle Temple will do well to remember Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa.

**BED-CANDLE PHILOSOPHY.**—Among other household comforts, we see advertised some bed-candles which are made "to burn half an hour only," and which require "no snuffing" and emit "no sparks." It is obvious, we think, to any ordinary intellect, that these candles are expressly constructed for young ladies, and in especial for young ladies of a sentimental turn, who nightly take a long time in "doing" their back hair, and in heaving up a sigh or two while thinking of the locks which they—how willingly!—could spare for Arthur or Augustus, if Arthur or Augustus would but breathe a wish to have them. Instead of getting into bed at once and going off to sleep, there are many girls who thus stupidly dawdle at their dressing-table, and spend half the night or more in silly suspirations in the lieu of useful sleep. To check this senseless habit, these half-hour-lasting bed-candles appear to be well fitted, and no mother of a family of sentimental daughters ought to be without them.

Another of their benefits is, that they are likewise eminently fitted to put a stop to the dangerous and deleterious practice, so common with young ladies, of reading trash in bed. The stuff and nonsense which is annually emitted to the world through the economic medium of the circulating libraries, we rather think is largely read between the sheets, and keeps awake unhealthily the feeble minds whom it excites. Girls who come down in the morning with dim eyes and pallid cheeks, may safely be accused of being addicted to this practice; and to cure them, we should recommend, these half-hour-lasting candles, with one of which they should be fur-

nished every other night. In early life late hours are extremely detrimental; and, being past that age ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that children of eighteen or so, both masculine and feminine, ought nightly to be sent to bed much sooner than they are. Nothing (except perhaps a bad night and a headache) can be gained by sitting up to sigh about one's lovers, or by lying down to read the life of *Laura the Lone One*, or drop a tear upon the death of the *Doomed Dove of the Dell*! If a bad night and a headache were the only ill effects, one would not care so much perhaps to check these baneful practices. But late hours, as we have said, occasion pallid cheeks; and as wife-requiring bachelors look out generally for rosy ones, the habits we complain of may tend to make young ladies hang upon their fathers' hands; and therefore, for their parents' welfare and their own, these half-hour-burning bed-candles should be rigidly served out to them.—*Punch*.

"COULD WE WITH INK THE OCEAN FILL."—From the General Index to the 1st S. of "N. and Q.," p. 110, I find eleven articles have appeared on these interesting lines. Another version occurs in a small volume of MS. Poems, circa 1601, in Addit. MS. 22,601., p. 60., Brit. Museum:—

"If all the earthe were paper white  
And all the sea were incke,  
'Twere not enough for me to write  
As my poore harte doth thinke."

—Notes and Queries.

J. Y.



From Fraser's Magazine.

# CONCERNING SCREWS:

BEING THOUGHTS ON THE PRACTICAL SERVICE  
OF IMPERFECT MEANS.

## A CONSOLATORY ESSAY.

ALMOST every man is what, if he were a horse, would be called a screw. Almost every man is unsound. Indeed, my reader, I might well say even more than this. It would be no more than truth, to say that there does not breathe any human being who could satisfactorily pass a thorough examination of his physical and moral nature by a competent inspector.

I do not here enter on the etymological question, why an unsound horse is called a screw. Let that be discussed by abler hands. Possibly the phrase set out at length originally ran, that an unsound horse was an animal in whose constitution there was a screw loose. And the jarring effect produced upon any machine by looseness on the part of a screw which ought to be tight, is well known to thoughtful and experienced minds. By a process of gradual abbreviation, the phrase indicated passed into the simpler statement, that the unsound steed was himself a screw. By a bold transition, by a subtle intellectual process, the thing supposed to be wrong in the animal's physical system was taken to mean the animal in whose physical system the thing was wrong. Or, it is conceivable that the use of the word screw implied that the animal, possibly in early youth, had got some unlucky twist or wrench, which permanently damaged its bodily nature, or warped its moral development. A tendon perhaps received a tug which it never quite got over. A joint was suddenly turned in a direction in which Nature had not contemplated its ever turning; and the joint never played quite smoothly and sweetly again. In this sense, we should discern in the use of the word *screw*, something analogous to the expressive Scotticism, which says of a perverse and impracticable man, that he is a *thraen* person, that is, a person who has got a *thraw* or twist; or rather, a person the machinery of whose mind works as machinery might be conceived to work which had got a *thraw* or twist. The reflective reader will easily discern that a complex piece of machinery, by receiving an unlucky twist, even a slight twist, would be put into a state in which it would not go sweetly, or would not go at all.

After this *excursus*, which I regard as not unworthy the attention of the eminent Dean of Westminster, who has for long been, through his admirable works, my guide and philosopher in all matters relating to the study of words, I recur to the grand princi-

ple laid down at the beginning of the present dissertation, and say deliberately, that ALMOST EVERY MAN THAT LIVES, IS WHAT, IF HE WERE A HORSE, WOULD BE CALLED A SCREW. Almost every man is unsound. Every man (to use the language of a veterinary surgeon) has in him the seeds of unsoundness. You could not honestly give a warranty with almost any mortal. Alas! my brother; in the highest and most solemn of all respects, if *soundness* ascribed to a creature implies that it is what it ought to be, who shall venture to warrant any man sound!

I do not mean to make my readers uncomfortable, by suggesting that every man is physically unsound: I speak of intellectual and moral unsoundness. You know, the most important thing about a horse is his body; and accordingly when we speak of a horse's soundness or unsoundness, we speak physically; we speak of his body. But the most important thing about a man is his mind; and so, when we say a man is sound or unsound, we are thinking of mental soundness or unsoundness. In short, the man is mainly a soul; the horse is mainly and essentially a body. And though the moral qualities even of a horse are of great importance,—such qualities as vice (which in a horse means malignity of temper), obstinacy, nervous shyness (which carried out into its practical result becomes shying); still the name of screw is chiefly suggestive of physical defects. Its main reference is to wind and limb. The soundness of a horse is to the philosophic and stable mind suggestive of good legs, shoulders, and hoofs; of uncongested lungs and free air-passages; of efficient eyes and entire freedom from staggers. It is the existence of something wrong in these matters which constitutes the unsound horse, or screw.

But though the great thing about rational and immortal man is the soul; and though accordingly the most important soundness or unsoundness about *him* is that which has its seat THERE: still, let it be said that even as regards physical soundness there are few men whom a veterinary surgeon would pass, if they were horses. Most educated men are physically in very poor condition. And particularly the cleverest of our race, in whom intellect is most developed and cultivated, are for the most part in a very unsatisfactory state as regards bodily soundness. They rub on: they manage somehow to get through their work in life; but they never feel brisk or buoyant. They never know high health, with its attendant cheerfulness. It is a rare case to find such a combination of muscle and intellect as existed in Christopher North: the commoner type is the

shambling Wordsworth, whom even his partial sister thought so mean-looking when she saw him walking with a handsome man. Let it be repeated, most civilized men are physically unsound. For one thing, most educated men are broken-winded. They could not trot a quarter of a mile without great distress. I have been amused, when in church I have heard a man beyond middle age singing very loud, and plainly proud of his volume of voice, to see how the last note of the line was cut short for want of wind. I say nothing of such grave signs of physical unsoundness as little pangs shooting about the heart, and little dizzinesses of the brain; these matters are too serious for this page. But it is certain that educated men, for the most part, have great portions of their muscular system hardly at all developed, through want of exercise. The legs of even hard brain-workers are generally exercised a good deal; for the constitutional exercise of such is usually walking. But in large towns such men give fair play to no other thews and sinews. More especially the arms of such men are very flabby. The muscle is soft, and slender. If the fore legs of a horse were like that, you could not ride him but at the risk of your neck.

Still, the great thing about man is the mind; and when I set out by declaring that almost every man is unsound, I was thinking of mental unsoundness. Most minds are unsound. No horse is accepted as sound in which the practised eye of the veterinarian can find some physical defect, something away from normal development and action. And if the same rule be applied to us, my readers; if every man is mentally a screw, in whose intellectual and moral development a sharp eye can detect something not right in the play of the machinery or the formation of it; then I fancy that we may safely lay it down as an axiom, that there is not upon the face of the earth a perfectly sane man. A sane mind means a healthy mind; that is, a mind that is exactly what it ought to be. Where shall we discover such a one? My reader, you have not got it. I have not got it. Nobody has got it. No doubt, at the first glance, this seems startling; but I intend this essay to be a consolatory one, and I wish to show you that in this world it is well if means will fairly and decently suffice for their ends, even though they be very far from being all that we could wish. God intends not that this world should go on upon a system of optimism. It is enough, if things are so, that they *will do*. They might do far better. And let us remember, that though a veterinary surgeon would tell you that there

is hardly such a thing as a perfectly sound horse in Britain, still in Britain there is very much work done, and well done, by horses. Even so, much work, fair work, passable work, noble work, magnificent work, may be turned off, and day by day is turned off, by minds which, in strict severity, are no better than good, workable, or showy screws.

Many minds, otherwise good and even noble, are unsound upon the point of vanity. Nor is the unsoundness one that requires any very sharp observer to detect. It is very often extremely conspicuous; and the merest blockhead can discern, and can laugh at, the unfortunate defect in one who is perhaps a great and excellent man. Many minds are off the balance in the respect of suspiciousness; many in that of absurd prejudice. Many are unsound in the matters of silliness, pettiness, pettedness, perversity, or general unpleasantness and *Thrawn-ness*. Multitudes of men are what in Scotland is called *Cat-witted*. I do not know whether the word is intelligible in England. It implies a combination of littleness of nature, small self-conceit, readiness to take offence, determination in little things to have one's own way, and general impracticability. There are men to whom even the members of their own families do not like to talk about their plans and views: who will suddenly go off on a long journey without telling any one in the house till the minute before they go; and concerning whom their nearest relatives think it right to give you a hint that they are rather peculiar in temper, and you must mind how you talk to them. There are human beings whom to manage into doing the simplest and most obvious duty, needs, on your part, the tact of a diplomatist combined with the skill of a driver of refractory pigs. In short, there are in human beings all kinds of mental twists and deformities. There are mental lameness and broken-windedness. Mental and moral shying is extremely common. As for biting, who does not know it? We have all seen human biters; not merely backbiters, but creatures who like to leave the marks of their teeth upon people present too. There are many kickers; men who in running with others do (so to speak) kick over the traces, and viciously lash out at their companions with little or no provocation. There are men who are always getting into quarrels, though in the main warm-hearted and well-meaning. There are human jibbers: creatures that lie down in the shafts instead of manfully (or horsefully) putting their neck to the collar, and going stoutly at the work of life. There are multitudes of people who are constantly suffering from depression of spirits, a malady which appears in countless forms. There is

not a human being in whose mental constitution there is not something wrong; some weakness, some perversion, some positive vice. And if you want further proof of the truth of what I am saying, given by one whose testimony is worth much more than mine, go and read that eloquent and kindly and painfully fascinating book lately published by Dr. Forbes Winslow, on *Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind*; and you will leave off with the firmest conviction that every breathing mortal is mentally a screw.

And yet, my reader, if you have some knowledge of horse-flesh, and if you have been accustomed in your progress through life (in the words of Dr. Johnson) to practise observation, and to look about you with extensive view, your survey must have convinced you that great part of the coaching and other horse work of this country is done, and fairly done, by screws. These poor creatures are out in all kinds of weather, and it seems to do them little harm. Any one who knows how snug, dry, and warm a gentleman's horses are kept, and how often with all that they are unfit for their duty, will wonder to see poor cab horses shivering on the stand hour after hour on a winter day, and will feel something of respect mingle with his pity for the thin, patient, serviceable screws. Horses that are lame, broken-winded, and vicious, pull the great bulk of all the weight that horses pull. And they get through their work somehow. Not long since, sitting on the box of a Highland coach of most extraordinary shape, I travelled through Glenorchy and along Loch Awe side. The horses were wretched to look at, yet they took the coach at a good pace over that very up-and-down road, which was divided into very long stages. At last, amid a thick wood of dwarf oaks, the coach stopped to receive its final team. It was an extraordinary place for a coach to change horses. There was not a house near; the horses had walked three miles from their stable. They were by far the best team that had drawn the coach that day. Four tall grays, nearly white with age; but they looked well and went well, checking the coach stoutly as they went down the precipitous descents, and ascending the opposite hills at a tearing gallop. No doubt you could see various things amiss. They were blowing a little; one or two were rather blind; and all four a little stiff at starting. They were all screws. The dearest of them had not cost the coach proprietor seven pounds; yet how well they went over the eleven-mile stage into Inverary!

Now in like manner, a great part of the mental work that is done, is done by men who mentally are screws. The practical,

every-day work of life is done, and respectably done, by very silly, weak, prejudiced people. Mr. Carlyle has stated, that the population of Britain consists of "seventeen millions of people, mostly fools." I shall endeavor by and by to make some reservation upon the great author's sweeping statement; but here it is enough to remark that even Mr. Carlyle would admit that the very great majority of these seventeen millions get very decently and creditably through the task which God sets them in this world. Let it be admitted that they are not so wise as they should be; yet surely, it may be admitted too, that they possess that in heart and head which makes them good enough for the rough and homely wear of life. No doubt they blow and occasionally stumble, they sometimes even bite and kick a little; yet somehow they get the coach along. For it is to be remembered that the essential characteristic of a screw is, that though unsound, it can yet by management be got to go through a great deal of work. The screw is not dead lame, nor only fit for the knacker; it falls far short of the perfection of a horse, but still it is a horse, after all, and it can fulfil in some measure a horse's duty. You see, my friend, the moderation of my view. I do not say that men in general are mad, but only that men in general are screws. There is a little twist in their intellectual or moral nature; there is something wanting or something wrong; they are silly, conceited, egotistical, and the like; yet decently equal to the work of this world. By judicious management you may get a great deal of worthy work out of the unsound minds of other men; and out of your own unsound mind. But always remember that you have an imperfect and warped machine to get on with; do not expect too much of it; and be ready to humor it and yield to it a little. Just as a horse which is lame and broken-winded can yet by care and skill be made to get creditably through a wonderful amount of labor; so may a man, low-spirited, foolish, prejudiced, ill-tempered, soured, and wretched, be enabled to turn off a great deal of work for which the world may be the better. A human being who is really very weak and silly, may write many pages which shall do good to his fellow-men, or which shall at the least amuse them. But as you carefully drive an unsound horse, walking him at first starting, not trotting him down hill, making play at parts of the road which suit him; so you must manage many men, or they will break down or bolt out of the path. Above all, so you must manage your own mind, whose weaknesses and wrong impulses you know best, if you would keep it cheerful, and keep it in working order.

The showy, unsound horse can go well perhaps, but it must be shod with leather, otherwise it would be dead-lame in a mile. And just in that same fashion we human beings, all more or less of screws mentally and morally, need all kinds of management, on the part of our friends and on our own part, or we should go all wrong. There is something truly fearful when we find that clearest-headed and soberest-hearted of men, the great Bishop Butler, telling us that all his life long he was struggling with horrible, morbid suggestions, *devilish* is what he calls them, which, but for being constantly held in check with the sternest effort of his nature, would have driven him mad. Oh, let the uncertain, unsound, unfathomable human heart be wisely and tenderly driven! And as there are things which with the unsound horse you dare not venture on at all, so with the fallen mind. You who know your own horse, know that you dare not trot him hard down hill. And you who know your own mind and heart, know that there are some things of which you dare not think; thoughts on which your only safety is resolutely to turn your back. The management needful *here* is the management of utter avoidance. How often we find poor creatures who have passed through years of anxiety and misery, and experienced savage and deliberate cruelty which it is best to forget, lashing them up to wrath and bitterness by brooding over these things, on which wisdom would bid them try to close their eyes forever!

But not merely do screws daily draw cabs and stage-coaches; screws have won the Derby and St. Leger. A noble-looking thorough-bred has galloped by the winning-post at Epsom at the rate of forty miles an hour, with a white bandage tightly tied round one of its forelegs: and thus publicly confessing its unsoundness, and testifying to its trainer's fears, it has beaten a score of steeds which were not screws, and borne off from them the blue ribbon of the turf. Yes, my reader: not only will skilful management succeed in making unsound animals do decently the humdrum and prosaic task-work of the equine world; it will succeed occasionally in making unsound animals do in magnificent style the grandest things that horses ever do at all. Don't you see the analogy I mean to trace? Even so, not merely do Mr. Carlyle's seventeen millions of fools get somehow through the petty work of our modern life, but minds which no man could warrant sound and free from vice, turn off some of the noblest work that ever was done by mortal. Many of the grandest things ever done by human minds, have been done by minds that were incurable screws.

Think of the magnificent service done to humankind by James Watt. It is positively impossible to calculate what we all owe to the man that gave us the steam-engine. It is sober truth that the inscription in Westminster Abbey tells, when it speaks of him as among the "best benefactors" of the race. Yet what an unsound organization that great man had! Mentally, what a screw! Through most of his life he suffered the deepest misery from desperate depression of spirits; he was always fancying that his mind was breaking down: he has himself recorded that he often thought of casting off, by suicide, the unendurable burden of life. And still, what work the rickety machine got through! With tearing headaches, with a sunken chest, with the least muscular of limbs, with the most melancholy of temperaments, worried and tormented by piracies of his great inventions, yet doing so much and doing it so nobly, was not James Watt like the lame race-horse that won the Derby? As for Byron, he was unquestionably a very great man; and as a poet, he is in his own school without a rival. Still, he was a screw. There was something morbid and unsound about his entire development. In many respects he was extremely silly. It was extremely silly to take pains to represent that he was morally much worse than he really was. The greatest blockheads I know are distinguished by the same characteristic. O empty-headed Noodle! who have more than once dropped hints in my presence as to the awful badness of your life, and the unhappy insight which your life has given you into the moral rottenness of society, don't do it again. I always thought you a contemptible fool: but next time I mean to tell you so. Wordsworth was a screw. Though one of the greatest of poets, he was dreadfully twisted by inordinate egotism and vanity: the results partly of original constitution, and partly of living a great deal too much alone in that damp and misty lake country. He was like a spavined horse. Coleridge, again, was a jibber. He never would pull in the team of life. There is something unsound in the mind of the man who fancies that because he is a genius, he need not support his wife and children. Even the sensible and exemplary Southey was a little unsound in the matter of a crotchety temper, needlessly ready to take offence. He was always quarrelling with his associates in the *Quarterly Review*: with the editor and the publisher. Perhaps you remember how on one occasion he wrought himself up into a fever of wrath with Mr. Murray, because that gentleman suggested a subject on which he wished Southey to write for the *Quarterly*, and



begged him to *put his whole strength to it*, the subject being one which was just then of great interest and importance. "Flagrant insolence," exclaimed Southey. "Think of the fellow bidding me put my whole strength to an article in his six-shilling *Review*!" Now, reader, *there you see* the evil consequence of a man who is a little of a screw in point of temper, living in the country. Most reasonable men would never have discerned any insult in Mr. Murray's request: but even if such a one had thought it a shade too authoritatively expressed, he would, if he had lived in town, gone out to the crowded street, gone down to his club, and in half an hour have entirely forgotten the little disagreeable impression. But a touchy man, dwelling in the country, gets the irritating letter by the morning's post, is worried by it all the forenoon, and goes out and broods on the offence through all his solitary afternoon walk,—a walk in which he does not see a face, perhaps, and certainly does not exchange a sentence with any human being whose presence is energetic enough to turn the current of thought into a healthier direction. And so, by the evening he has got the little offence into the point of view in which it looks most offensive: he is in a rage at being asked to do his best in writing any thing for a six-shilling publication. Why on earth not do so? Is not the mind unsoundly sensitive that finds an offence in a request like that? My brilliant brethren who write for *Fraser*, don't you put your whole strength to articles to be published in a periodical that sells for half a crown?

You could not have warranted manly Samuel Johnson sound, on the points of prejudice and bigotry. There was something unsound in that unreasoning hatred of every thing Scotch. Rousseau was altogether a screw. He was mentally lame, broken-winded, a shyder, a kicker, a jibber, a biter: he would do any thing but run right on and do his duty. Shelley was a notorious screw. I should say, indeed, that his unsoundness passed the limit of practical sanity, and that on certain points he was unquestionably mad. You could not have warranted Keats sound. You could not deny the presence of a little perverse twist even in the noble mind and heart of the great Sir Charles Napier. The great Emperor Napoleon was cracky, if not cracked, on various points. There was unsoundness in his strange belief in his Fate. Neither Bacon nor Newton were entirely sound. But the mention of Newton suggests to me the single specimen of human-kind who might stand even before *him*: and reminds me that Shakspeare was as sound as any mortal can be. Any defect in him extends no further than to his taste: and

possibly where we should differ from him, he is right and we are wrong. You could not say that Shakspeare was mentally a screw. The noblest of all genius is sober and reasonable: it is among geniuses of the second order that you find something so warped, so eccentric, so abnormal, as to come up to our idea of a screw. Sir Walter Scott was sound: save perhaps in the matter of his veneration for George IV., and of his desire to take rank as one of the country gentlemen of Roxburgshire.

To sum up: let it be admitted that very noble work has been turned off by minds in so far unhinged. It is not merely that great wits are to madness near allied, it is that great wits are sometimes actually in part mad. Madness is a matter of degree. The slightest departure from the normal and healthy action of the mind is an approximation to it. Every mind is a little unsound; but you don't talk of insanity till the unsoundness becomes very glaring, and unfits for the duty of life. Just as almost every horse is a little lame: one leg steps a hair-breadth shorter than the other, or is a thought less muscular, or the hoof is a shade too sensitive; but you don't talk of lameness till the creature's head begins to go up and down, or till it plainly shrinks from putting its foot to the ground. Southey's wrath about the six-shilling *Review*, and his brooding on Murray's slight offence, was a step in the direction of marked delusion such as conveys a man to Hanwell or Morningside. And the sensitive, imaginative nature, which goes to the production of some of the human mind's best productions, is prone to such little deviations from that which is strictly sensible and right. You do not think, gay young readers, what poor, unhappy, half-cracked creatures may have written the pages which thrill you or amuse you; or painted the pictures before which you pause so long. I know hardly any person who ever published any thing; but I have sometimes thought that I should like to see assembled in one chamber, on the first of any month, all the men and women who wrote all the articles in all the magazines for that month. Some of them doubtless would be very much like other people; but many would certainly be very odd-looking and odd-tempered samples of human-kind. The history of some would be commonplace enough, but that of many would be very curious. A great many readers, I dare say, would like to stand in a gallery, and look at the queer individuals assembled below. Magazine articles, of course, are not (speaking generally) specimens of the highest order of literature; but still, some experience, some thought, some observation, have gone to produce



even them. And it is unquestionably out of deep sorrow, out of the travail of heart and nature, that the finest and noblest of all human thoughts have come.

As for the ordinary task-work of life, it must, beyond all question, be generally done by screws,—that is, by folk whose mental organization is unsound on some point. Vain people, obstinate people, silly people, evil-foreboding people, touchy people, twaddling people, carry on the work-day world. Not that it would be giving a fair account of them to describe them thus, and leave the impression that such are their essential characteristics. They are all that has been said; but there is in most a good substratum of practical sense; and they do fairly, or even remarkably well, the particular thing which it is their business in this life to do. When Mr. Carlyle said that the population of Britain consists of so many millions, “mostly fools,” he conveys a quite wrong impression. No doubt there are some who are silly out and out, who are always fools, and essentially fools. No doubt almost all, if you questioned them on great matters of which they have hardly thought, would express very foolish and absurd opinions. But then these absurd opinions are not the staple production of their minds. These are not a fair sample of their ordinary thoughts. Their ordinary thoughts are, in the main, sensible and reasonable, no doubt. Once upon a time, while a famous criminal trial was exciting vast interest, I heard a man in a railway-carriage, with looks of vast slyness and of special stores of information, tell several others that the judge and the counsel on each side had met quietly the evening before to arrange what the verdict should be; and that though the trial would go on to its end to delude the public, still the whole thing was already settled. Now, my first impulse was to regard the man with no small interest, and to say to myself, There, unquestionably is a fool. But, on reflection, I felt I was wrong. No doubt he talked like a fool on this point. No doubt he expressed himself in terms worthy of an asylum for idiots. But the man may have been a very shrewd and sensible man in matters with which he was accustomed to deal: he was a horse-dealer, I believe, and I doubt not sharp enough at market; and the idiotic appearance he made was the result of his applying his understanding to a matter quite beyond his experience and out of his province. But a man is not properly to be called a fool, even though occasionally he says and does very foolish things, if the great preponderance of the things he says and does be reasonable. No doubt Mr. Carlyle is right in so far as this: that in almost every man there is an

element of the fool. Almost all have a vein of folly running through them, and cropping out at the surface now and then. But in most men *that* is not the characteristic part of their nature. There is more of the sensible man than of the fool.

For the forms of unsoundness in those who are mental screws of the commonplace order; they are endless. You sometimes meet an intellectual defect like that of the conscientious blockhead James II., who thought that to differ from him in opinion was to doubt his word and call him a liar. An unsoundness common to all uneducated people is, that they cannot argue any question without getting into a rage and roaring at the top of their voice. This unsoundness exists in a good many educated men too. A peculiar twist of some minds is this,—that instead of maintaining by argument the thesis they are maintaining, which is probably that two and two make five, they branch off and begin to adduce arguments which do not go to prove *that*, but to prove that the man who maintains that two and two make four is a fool or even a ruffian. Some good men are subject to this infirmity—that if you differ from them on any point whatever, they regard the fact of your differing from them as proof, not merely that you are intellectually stupid, but that you are morally depraved. Some really good men and women cannot let slip an opportunity of saying any thing that may be disagreeable. And this is an evil that tends to perpetuate itself; for when Mr. Snarling comes and says to you something uncomplimentary of yourself or your near relations, instead of your doing what you ought to do, and pitying poor Snarling and recommending him some wholesome medicine, you are strongly tempted to retort in kind: and thus you sink yourself to Snarling's level, and you carry on the row. Your proper course is either to speak kindly to poor Snarling, or not to speak to him at all. There is something unsound about the man whom you never heard say a good word of any mortal, but whom you have heard say a great many bad words of a great many mortals. There is unsoundness verging on entire insanity in the man who is always fancying that all about him are constantly plotting to thwart his plans and damage his character. There is unsoundness in the man who is constantly getting into furious altercations with his fellow passengers in steamers and railways, or getting into angry and lengthy correspondence with any body in the newspapers or otherwise. There is unsoundness in the man who is ever telling you amazing stories which he fancies prove himself to be the bravest, cleverest, swiftest of mankind, but which (on his own showing)

prove him to be a vaporing goose. There is unsoundness in the man or woman who turns green with envy as a handsome carriage drives past, and then says with awful bitterness that he or she would not enter such a shabby old conveyance. There is unsoundness in the mortal whose memory is full to repletion of contemptible little stories going to prove that all his neighbors are rogues and fools. There is unsoundness in the unfortunate persons who are always bursting into tears and bahooing out that nobody loves them. Nobody will, so long as they bahoo. Let them stop bahooing. There is unsoundness in the mental organization of the sneaky person who stays a few weeks in a family, and sets each member of it against all the rest by secretly repeating to each exaggerated and malicious accounts of what has been said as to him or her by the others. There is unsoundness in the perverse person who resolutely does the opposite of what you wish and expect: who wont go the pleasure excursion you had arranged on his account, or partake of the dish which had been cooked for his special eating. There is unsoundness in the deluded and unamiable person who, by a grim, repellent, Pharisaic demeanor and address excites in the minds of young persons gloomy and repulsive ideas of religion, which wiser and better folk find it very hard to rub away. "Will my father be there?" said a little Scotch boy to some one who had been telling him of the happiest place in the universe, and recounting its joys. "Yes," was the reply. Said the little man, with prompt decision, "Then I'll no gang!" He must have been a wretched screw of a Christian who left that impression on a young child's heart. There is unsoundness in the man who cannot listen to the praises of another man's merit without feeling as though this were something taken from himself. And it is amusing, though sad, to see how such folk take for granted in others the same petty enviousness which they feel in themselves. They will go to one writer, painter, preacher, and begin warmly to praise the doings of another man in the same vocation; and when I have seen the man addressed listen to and add to the praises with the hearty, self-forgetting sincerity of a generous mind, I have witnessed the bitter disappointment of the petty malignants at the failure of their poisoned dart. Generous honesty quite baffles such. If their dart ever wounds you, reader, it is because you deserve that it should. There is unsoundness in the kindly lovable man, whose opinions are preposterous, and whose conversation that of a jackass. But still, who can help loving the man, occasionally to be met, whose heart is right and whose

talk is twaddle? Let me add, that I have met with one or two cases in which conscience was quite paralyzed, but all the other intellectual faculties were right. Surely there is no more deplorable instance of the mental screw. You may find the notorious cheat who is never out of church and fancies himself a most creditable man. You will find the malicious tale-bearer and liar, who attends all the prayer-meetings within her reach, and who thanks God (like an individual in former days) that she is so much better than other women.

In the case of commonplace screws, if they do their work well, it is for the most part in spite of their being screws. It is because they are sound in the main, in those portions of their mental constitution which their daily work calls into play; and because they are seldom required to do those things which their unsoundness makes them unfit to do. You know, if a horse never fell lame except when smartly trotted down a hill four miles long, you might say that for practical purposes that horse was never lame at all. For the single contingency to which its powers are unequal would hardly ever occur. In like manner, if the mind of a tradesman is quite equal to the management of his business and the respectable training of his family, you may say that the tradesman's mind is for practical purposes a sound and good one; although if called to consider some important political question, such as that of the connection of Church and State, his judgment might be purely idiotical. You see, he is hardly ever required to put his mind (so to speak) at a hill at which it would break down. I have walked a mile along the road with a respectable Scotch farmer, talking of country matters; and I have concluded that I had hardly ever conversed with a shrewder and more sensible man. But having accidentally chanced to speak of a certain complicated political question, I found that *quoad hoc* my friend's intellect was that of a baby. I had just come upon the four-mile descent which would knock up the horse which for ordinary work was sound.

Yes, reader, in the case of commonplace screws, if they do their work well, it is *in spite of* their being screws. But in the case of great geniuses who are screws, it is often *because* of their unsoundness that they do the fine things they do. It is the hectic beauty which his morbid mind cast upon his page, that made Byron the attractive and fascinating poet that he is to young and inexperienced minds. Had his views been sounder and his feeling healthier, he might have been but a commonplace writer after all. In poetry, and in all imaginative writ-

ing, we look for beauty, not for sense; and we all know that what is properly disease and unsoundness sometimes adds to beauty. You know the delicate flush, the bright eyes, the long eyelashes, which we often see in a young girl on whom consumption is doing its work. You know the peachy complexion which often goes with undeveloped scrofula. And had Charles Lamb not been trembling on the verge of insanity, the *The Essays of Elia* would have wanted great part of their strange, undefinable charm. Had Ford and Massinger led more regular lives and written more reasonable sentiments, what a *caput mortuum* their tragedies would be! Had Coleridge been a man of homely common sense, he would never have written *Christabel*. I remember in my boyhood reading *The Ancient Mariner* to a hard-headed lawyer of no literary taste. He listened to the poem, and merely remarked that its author was a horrible fool.

There is no doubt that physical unsoundness often is a cause of mental excellence. Some of the best women on earth are the ugliest. Their ugliness cut them off from the enjoyment of the gayeties of life; they did not care to go to a ball-room and sit all the evening without once being asked to dance; and so they learned to devote themselves to better things. You have seen the pretty sister, a frivolous, silly flirt; the homely sister, quietly devoting herself to works of Christian charity. Ugly people, we often hear it said, cry up the beauties of the mind. It may be added, that ugly people possess a very large proportion of those beauties. And a great deal of the best intellectual work is done by men who are physically screws; by men who are nearly blind, broken-winded, lame, and weakly. We all know what the Apostle Paul was physically; we know too what the world owes to that dwarfish, bald, stammering man. I never in my life read any thing more touching than the story of that poor weakly creature, Dr. George Wilson, the Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. Poor weakly creature, only in a physical sense; what a noble intellectual and moral nature dwelt within that slender frame! You remember how admirably he did his work, though in a condition of almost ceaseless bodily weakness and suffering; how he used to lecture often with a great blister on his chest; how his lungs and his entire system were the very poorest that could just retain his soul. I never saw him; but I have seen his portrait. You see the intellectual kindly face; but it is but the weakly shadow of a physical man. But it was only physically that George Wilson was a poor type of humanity. What noble health and excellence there were in

that noble mind and heart! So amiable, so patient, so unaffectedly pious, so able and industrious; a beautiful example of a great, good, memorable, and truly lovable man. Let us thank God for George Wilson: for his life and his example. Hundreds of poor souls ready to sink into morbid despair of ever doing any thing good, will get fresh hope and heart from his story. It is well, indeed, that there have been some in whom the physical system equals the moral; men like Christopher North and Sydney Smith, —men in whom the play of the lungs was as good as the play of the imagination, and whose literal heart was as excellent as their metaphysical. We have all seen examples in which the noblest intellect and kindest disposition were happily blended with the stoutest limbs and the pleasantest face. And the sound mind in the sound body is doubtless the perfection of the human being. I have walked many miles and many hours over the heather, with one of the ablest men in Britain: a man whom at fourscore his country can heartily trust with perhaps the gravest charge which any British subject can undertake. And I have witnessed with great delight the combination of the keenest head and best heart, with physical strength and activity which quite knock up men younger by forty years.

When I was reading Dr. Forbes Winslow's book, already named, a very painful idea was impressed upon me. Dr. Winslow gives us to understand that madness is for the most part a condition of most awful suffering. I used to think that though there might be dreadful misery on the way to madness, yet once reason was fairly overthrown, the suffering was over. This appears not to be so. All the miserable depression of spirits, all the incapacity to banish distressing fears and suspicions, which paved the way to real insanity, exist in even intensified degree when insanity has actually been reached. The poor maniac fancies he is surrounded by burning fires, that he is encircled by writhing snakes, that he is in hell, tormented by devils; and we must remember that the misery caused by firmly believing a thing which does not exist, is precisely the same as that which would be occasioned to a sane person if the things imagined were facts. It seems, too, that many insane people are quite aware that they are insane, which of course aggravates what they have to endure. It must be a dreadful thing when the mind passes the point up to which it is still useful and serviceable, though unsound, and enters upon the stage of recognized insanity. It must be dreadful to feel that you are not quite yourself; that something is wrong; that you

cannot discard suspicions and fears which still you are aware are foolish and groundless. This is a melancholy stage, and if it last long a very perilous one. Great anxiety, if continued for any length of time, is almost certain to lead to some measure of insanity. The man who night and day is never free from the thought of how he is to pay his way, to maintain his children, is going mad. It is thoroughly evil when one single thought comes to take entire possession of the mind. It shows the brain is going. It is no wonder, my friendly reader, that so many men are mentally screws! There is something perfectly awful in reading what are the premonitory symptoms of true insanity. Read this, my friend, and be afraid of yourself. Here are what Dr. Winslow says indicates that insanity is drawing near. Have you never seen it? Have you never felt it?

"The patient is irritable and fractious, peevish and pettish. He is morbidly anxious about trifles: slight ruffles on the surface, and trivial annoyances in the family circle, or during the course of business, worry, flurry, tease, and fret him, nothing satisfying or soothing his mind, and every thing, to his distempered fancy, going wrong within the sacred precincts of domestic life. He is quick at fancying affronts, and greatly exaggerates the slightest and most trifling acts of supposed inattention. The least irregularity on the part of the domestics excites, angers, and vexes him. He is suspicious of and quarrels with his nearest relations, and mistrusts his best, kindest, and most faithful friends. While in this premonitory stage of mental derangement, bordering closely on an attack of acute insanity, he twists, distorts, misconceives, misconstrues, and perverts, in a most singular manner, every look, gesture, action, and word of those closely associated, and nearly related to him."

Considering that Dr. Winslow does really in that paragraph sketch the moral characteristics of at least a score of people known to every one of us, all this is alarming enough. And considering, too, how common a thing sleeplessness is among men who go through hard mental work, or who are pressed by many cares and anxieties, it is even more alarming to read, that—

"Wakefulness is one of the most constant concomitants of some types of incipient brain disease, and in many cases a *certain forerunner of insanity*. It is an admitted axiom in medicine, that the brain cannot be in a healthy condition while a state of sleeplessness exists."

But I pass away from this part of my subject. I do not believe that it is good for either my readers or myself to look from a medical point of view at those defects or morbid manifestations in our mental organization which stamp us screws. We accept the fact, generally; without going into details. It is a bad thing for a man to be always feeling his pulse after every little exertion, and fancying that its acceleration or irregularity indicates that something is wrong. Such a man is in the fair way to settled hypochondria. And I think it is even worse to be always watching closely the play of the mental machine, and thinking that this process or that emotion is not as it ought to be. Let a man work his mind fairly and moderately, and not worry himself as to its state. The mind can get no more morbid habit than that of continually watching itself for a stumble. Except in the case of metaphysicians, whose business it is to watch and analyze the doings of the mind, the mind ought to be like the stomach. You know that your stomach is right, because you never feel that you have one; but the work intended for that organ is somehow done. And common folk should know that they have minds, only by finding the ends fairly attained, which are intended to be attained by that most sensitive and ticklish piece of machinery.

I think that it is a piece of practical wisdom in driving the mental screw, to be careful how you allow it to dwell too constantly upon any one topic. If you allow yourself to think too much of any subject, you will get a partial craze upon that; you will come to vastly overrate its importance. You will make yourself uncomfortable about it. There once was a man who mused long upon the notorious fact that almost all human beings stoop considerably. Few hold themselves as upright as they ought. And this notion took such hold upon the poor man's mind, that, waking or sleeping, he could not get rid of it; and he published volume after volume to prove the vast extent of the evils which come of this bad habit of stooping, and to show that to get fairly rid of this bad habit would be the regeneration of the human race physically and morally. We know how authors exaggerate the claims of their subject; and I can quite imagine a very earnest man feeling afraid to think too much and long about any existing evil, for fear it should greatness on his view into a thing so large and pernicious, that he should be constrained to give all his life to wrestling with that one thing, and attach to it an importance which would make his neighbors think him a monomaniac. If you think long and deeply upon any subject, it grows in appar-



ent magnitude and weight; if you think of it too long, it may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all things besides. If it be an existing and prevalent evil you are thinking of, you may come to fancy that if that one thing were done away, it would be well with the human race: all evil would go with it. I can conceive the process by which, without mania, without any thing worse than the workable unsoundness of the practically sound mind, one might come to think as the man who wrote against stooping thought. For myself, I feel the force of this law so deeply, that there are certain evils of which I am afraid to think much, for fear I should come to be able to think of nothing else and nothing more. I remember, when I was a boy, there was a man in London who constantly advertised himself in the newspapers as the *Inventor of the only Rational System of Writing in the Universe*. His system was, I believe, to move in writing, not the fingers merely, but the entire arm from the shoulder. This may be an improvement perhaps: and that man has brooded over the mischiefs of moving the fingers in writing till these mischiefs shut out the view of the rest of creation, or at least till he saw nothing but irrationality in writing otherwise. All the millions who wrote by the fingers were cracked. The writing-master, in short, though possibly a reasonable man on other subjects, was certainly unsound upon this. You may allow yourself to speculate on the chance of being bitten by a mad dog, or of being maimed by a railway accident, till you grow morbid on these points. If you live in the country, you may give in to the idea that your house will be broken into at night by burglars, till, every time you wake in the dark hours, you may fancy you hear the centre-bit at work boring through the window shutters down-stairs. A very clever woman once told me, that for a year she yielded so much to the fear that she had left a spark behind her in any room where she had gone with a lighted candle, which spark would set the house on fire, that she could not be easy till she had groped her way back in the dark to see that things were right. Now, ye readers whose minds must be carefully driven (I mean all the readers who will ever see this page), don't give in to these fancies. As you would carefully train your horse to pass the corner he always shies at, so break your mind of this bad habit. And in breaking your mind of the smallest bad habit, I would counsel you to resort to the same kindly Helper whose aid you would ask in breaking your mind of the greatest and worst. It is not a small matter, the existence in the mind of any tendency or characteristic which is unsound. We know what

lies in that direction. You are like the railway train which, with breaks unapplied, is stealing the first yard down the incline at the rate of a mile in two hours; but if that train be not pulled up, in ten minutes it may be tearing down to destruction at sixty miles an hour.

I have said that almost every human being is mentally a screw; that all have some intellectual peculiarity, some moral twist, away from the normal standard of rightness. Let it be added, that it is little wonder that the fact should be as it is. I do not think merely of a certain unhappy warping, of an old original wrench, which human nature long ago received, and from which it never has recovered. I am not writing as a theologian; and so I do not suggest the grave consideration that human nature, being fallen, need not be expected to be the right-working machinery that it may have been before it fell. But I may at least say, look how most people are educated; consider the kind of training they get, and the incompetent hands that train them: what chance have they of being any thing but screws? Ah, my reader, if horses were broken by people as unfit for their work as most of the people who form human minds, there would not be a horse in the world that would not be dead lame. You do not trust your thorough-bred colt, hitherto unhandled, to any one who is not understood to have a thorough knowledge of the characteristics and education of horses. But in numberless instances, even in the better classes of society, a thing which needs to be guarded against a thousand wrong tendencies, and trained up to a thousand right things from which it is ready to shrink, the most sensitive and complicated thing in nature, the human soul, is left to have its character formed by hands as hopelessly unfit for the task as the lord chancellor is to prepare the winner of the next St. Leger. You find parents and guardians of children systematically following a course of treatment calculated to bring out the very worst tendencies of mind and heart that are latent in the little things given to their care. If a young horse has a tendency to shy, how carefully the trainer seeks to win him away from the habit. But if a poor little boy has a hasty temper, you may find his mother taking the greatest pains to irritate that temper. If the little fellow have some physical or mental defect, you have seen parents who never miss an opportunity of throwing it in the boy's face; parents who seem to exult in the thought that they know the place where a touch will always cause to wince,—the sensitive, unprotected point where the dart of malignity will never fail to get home. If a child has said or done some wrong or fool-



ish thing, you will find parents who are constantly raking up the remembrance of it, for the pure pleasure of giving pain. Even so would a kindly man, who knows that his horse has just come down and cut himself, take pains whenever he came to a bit of road freshly macadamized to bring down the poor horse on the sharp stones again with his bleeding knees. And even where you do not find positive malignity in those entrusted with the training of human minds, you find hopeless incompetency exhibited in many other ways; outrageous silliness and vanity, want of honesty, and utter want of sense. I say it deliberately, instead of wondering that most minds are such screws, I wonder with indescribable surprise that they are not a thousand times worse. For they are like trees pruned and trained into ugliness and barrenness. They are like horses carefully tutored to shy, kick, rear, and bite. It says something hopeful as to what may yet be made of human beings, that most of them are no worse than they are. Some parents, fancying too that they are educating their children on Christian principles, educate them in such fashion that the only wonder is that the children do not end at the gallops.

Let us recognize the fact in all our treatment of others, that we have to deal with screws. Let us not think, as some do, that by ignoring a fact you make it cease to be a fact. I have seen a man pulling his lame horse up tight, and flicking it with his whip, and trying to drive it as if it were not lame. Now, that wont do. The poor horse makes a desperate effort, and runs a step or two as if sound. But in a little the heavy head falls upon the bit at each step, and perhaps the creature comes down bodily with a tremendous smash. If it were only his idiotic master that was smashed, I should not mind. So have I seen parents refusing to see or allow for the peculiarities of their children, insisting on driving the poor screw as though it were perfect in wind and limb. So have I seen people refusing to see or allow for the peculiarities of those around them; ignoring the depressed spirits, the unhappy twist, the luckless perversity of temper, in a servant, an acquaintance, a friend, which, rightly managed, would still leave them most serviceable screws; but which, determinedly ignored, will land in uselessness and misery. I believe there are people who (in a moral sense), if they have a crooked stick, fancy that by using it as if it were straight, it will become straight. If you have got a rifle that sends its ball somewhat to the left side, you (if you are not a fool) allow for that in shooting. If you have a friend of sterling value, but of crotchety temper, you

(if you are not a fool) allow for that. If you have a child who is weak, desponding, and early old, you (if you are not a hopeless idiot) remember that, and allow for it, and try to make the best of it. But if you be an idiot, you will think it deep diplomacy, and adamant firmness, and wisdom beyond Solomon's, to shut your eyes to the state of facts; to tug sharply the poor screw's mouth, to lash him violently, to drive him as though he were sound. Probably you will come to a smash: alas! that the smash will probably include more than you.

Not, reader, that all human beings thus idiotically ignore the fact that it is with screws they have to deal. It is very touching to see, as we sometimes see people trying to make the best of awful screws. You are quite pleased if your lame horse trots four or five miles without showing very gross unsoundness, though of course this is but a poor achievement. And even so, I have been touched to see the child quite happy at having coaxed a graceless father to come for once to church; and the wife quite happy when the blackguard bully, her husband, for once evinces a little kindness. It was not much they did, you see: but remember what wretched screws did it, and be thankful if they do even that little. I have heard a mother repeat, with a pathetic pride, a connected sentence said by her idiot boy. You remember how delighted Miss Trotwood was, in Mr. Dickens' beautiful story, with Mr. Dick's good sense, when he said something which in anybody else would have been rather silly. But Mr. Dick, you see, was just out of the asylum, and no more. How pleased you are to find a relation, who is a terrific fool, merely behaving like anybody else!

Yes: there is a good deal of practical resignation in this world. We get reconciled to having and to being screws. We grow reconciled to the fact that our possessions, our relations, our friends, are very far indeed from being what we could wish. We grow reconciled to the fact, and we try to make the best of it, that we ourselves are screws: that in temper, in judgment, in talent, in tact, we are a thousand miles short of being what we ought; and that we can hope for little more than decently, quietly, sometimes wearily and sadly, to plod along the path in life which God in his kindness and wisdom has set us. We come to look with interest, but without a vestige of envy, at those who are cleverer and better off than ourselves. A great many good people are so accustomed to things going against them, that they are rather startled when things go as they could have desired: they can stand disappointment, but success puts them out,

it is so unwonted a thing. The lame horse, the battered old gig,—they feel at home with these; but they would be confused if presented with my friend Smith's drag, with its beautiful steeds, all but thorough-bred, and perfectly sound. To struggle on with a small income, manifold worries, and lowly estimation,—to these things they have quietly reconciled themselves. But give them wealth and peace and fame (if these things can be combined), and they would hardly know what to do. Yesterday I walked up a very long flight of steps in a very poor part of the most beautiful city in Britain. Just before me, a feeble old woman, bent down apparently by eighty years, was slowly ascending. She had a very large bundle on her back, and she supported herself by a short stick in her withered, trembling hand. If it had been in the country, I should most assuredly have carried up the poor creature's bundle for her; but I am sorry to say I had not moral courage to offer to do so in town: for a parson with a great sackcloth bundle on his back, would be greeted in that district with depreciatory observations. But I kept close by her, to help her if she fell; and when I got to the top of the steps I passed her and went on. I looked sharply at the poor old face in passing; I see it yet. I see the look of cowed, patient, quiet, hopeless submission: I saw she had quite reconciled her mind to bearing her heavy burden, and to the far heavier load of years and infirmities and poverty she was bearing too. She had accepted those for her portion in this life. She looked for nothing better. She was like the man whose horse has been broken-winded and lame so long, that he has come almost to think that every horse is a screw. I see yet the quiet, wearied, surprised look she cast up at me as I passed: a look merely of surprise to see an entire coat in a place where my fellow-creatures (every one deserving as much as me) for the most part wear rags. I do not think she even wished to possess an equally entire garment; she looked at it with interest merely as the possession of some one else. She did not *even herself* (as we Scotch say) to any thing better than the rags she had worn so long. Long experience had subdued her to what she is.

But short experience does so too. We early learn to be content with screws, and to make the best of imperfect means. As I have been writing that last paragraph, I have been listening to a colloquy outside my study door, which is partly open. The parties engaged in the discussion were a cer-

tain little girl of five years old, and her nurse. The little girl is going out to spend the day at the house of a little companion; and she is going to take her doll with her. I heard various sentences not quite distinctly, which conveyed to me a general impression of perplexity; and at length, in a cheerful, decided voice, the little girl said, "*The people will never know it has got no legs!*" The doll, you see, was unsound. Accidents had brought it to an imperfect state. But that wise little girl had done what you and I, my reader, must try to do very frequently: she had made up her mind to make the best of a screw.

I learn a lesson, as I close my essay, from the old woman of eighty, and the little girl of five. Let us seek to reconcile our minds both to possessing screws, and (harder still) to being screws. Let us make the best of our imperfect possessions, and of our imperfect selves. Let us remember that a great deal of good can be done by means which fall very far short of perfection; that our moderate abilities, honestly and wisely husbanded and directed, may serve valuable ends in this world before we quit it,—ends which may remain after we are gone. I do not suppose that judicious critics in pointing out an author's faults, mean that he ought to stop writing altogether. There are hopeless cases in which he certainly ought: cases in which the steed passes being a screw, and is fit only for the hounds. But in most instances the critic would be quite wrong, if he argued that because his author has many flaws and defects, he should write no more. With all its errors, what he writes may be much better than nothing; as the serviceable screw is better than no horse at all. And if the critic's purpose is merely to show the author that the author is a screw,—why, if the author have any sense at all, he knows that already. He does not claim to be wiser than other men; and still less to be better: yet he may try to do his best. With many defects and errors, still fair work may be turned off. I will not forget the lame horses that took the coach so well to Inverary. And I remember certain words in which one who is all but the greatest English poet declared that under the heavy visitation of God he would do his utmost still. Here is the resolution of a noble screw:—

"I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward!"

A. K. H. B.

## MUSING.

PLAY on, dear love; I do not care

For any music like thine own:

And let it be that simple air

You touch so often when alone:

Not that—nor that; nor can I tell

Even how its dropping cadence goes;

But last night, when the gloaming fell,

It seemed the voice of its repose.

Just after dinner, you remember,

I went up to my room; and—while

The cold gray twilight of September

Stretched through the limes, like Minster aisle

With lustrous oriel in the west,

And purple clouds in amber laid,

Where sainted spirits seemed to rest

With flaming glories round their head—

Then sat I, well resolved to know,

Caput and locus, every page in't,

One of the fathers, ranked in row,

The grenadiers of my book-regiment.

But, just as if I had uncoiled

His mummy from its rags and rust,

When to his inner heart I toiled,

'Twas but to be choked with saintly dust.

Then, brooding grim, I wondered: "How

Far down among the distant ages,

Hath this fool's babble floated now

With the high wisdom of the sages?

He sat, indeed, at early morn

Beside the fountain of the light;

But, blander than a babe new-born,

He looked on day, and made it night.

"There's Sappho, little but a name,

And Pindar, but a fragment hoary;

And Phidias fills a niche in fame

With formless shadow of his glory.

Yet this big dullard, leaden-eyed,

Hath paper, type, and gilding got;

And drops, the mud-barge, down the tide

\*Where the immortal galleys float.

"Strange doom! high wisdom wrecked and lost,

Or just a splinter drifts ashore,

Through dark and stormy ages tossed,

To make us grieve there is no more.

And such as this great fellow, he

Gets handed down safe to this day,—

The heir-loom of stupidity,

To make us grieve another way.

"'Tis well, perhaps; for indolence,

O'ershadowed by the ancient great,

Had sunk in hopeless reverence,

To worship, not to emulate—

But that among their matchless wise

They had their matchless fools as well,

And equal immortalities

To wit and folly both befell.

"And yet the oaf had curious brains

For cobwebs in the nooks of thought,—

A spider-gift for subtle trains.

Of useless reason, soon forgot:

And many a feeble soul, I know,

All bloodless in his meshes lies;

So to the spider let him go—

God made them both for catching flies."

Thus musing, in a stormful mood

I flung him to his dusty nook,

And left the moth her proper food,

And cobwebs to a kindred book.

Just then it was, dear love, I heard,

Slow-swimming through the air, a rhyme

That soothed me, like a pious word,

Remembered at a needful time.

Small skill have I in harmonies,

Recording, with their measured roll,

The master-spirit's mysteries,

The maze and motion of his soul.

But now and then mine ear will catch,

And keep rehearsing dreamily,

A plaintive thought,—a little snatch

From the Eternal melody.

So with the harmonies of truth,

I may not soar with those that hymn,

In beauty of immortal youth,

Among the clear-eyed seraphim;

I can but stand without the doors,

And sometimes catch a passing strain,

Like that the mellow blackbird pours

In twilight woods, fresh after rain—

A passing strain of plaintive thought

In natural music softly stealing,

The pathos of a common lot,

Or homely incident, or feeling;

Nor deep, nor broad, nor soaring high,

Nor surging with the passion-strife;

But rippling clear and quietly

Along the common path of life.

And that is all: there was a time

Of windy vanities, when I

Deemed that among the harps sublime

My psalm might blend its melody.

I'm wiser now—I can but sit

In lowly bower of joy or grief,

With thee, dear love, to share in it,

And pipe to give our hearts relief.

It vexed me when this wisdom came,

At first, and wrestling with my fate,

I strove awhile to fan the flame,

And, spite of nature, to be great.

Yet, what is better than to know

What God has given thee strength to be?

To live a true life here below

Is more than dreaming gloriously.

Then play that plaintive air to me

You touch so often when alone,

That moves in its simplicity,

With natural grace in every tone.

I'm weary of all mocking birds,

I'm weary, too, of straining throats;

And sweetly dropt its natural words

In natural fall of plaintive notes.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

ORWELL.

From The Saturday Review, 1 Dec.  
MADAME CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL.

LAST week the musical world sustained an irreparable loss. One of the most accomplished singers of the present day—perhaps the most perfect concert-room vocalist whom we can boast in our musical records—Madame Clara Novello—took her farewell of a London audience. Unlike the majority of musical celebrities, Madame Novello has seen the prudence of retiring from the public exercise of her great powers while they are as yet unimpaired, and she herself is in the full zenith of her reputation and popularity—a step which, however much we may, in common with all admirers of such sterling excellence, regret it, we cannot but applaud as dictated by a wise judgment.

Clara Novello's public career has now lasted some four-and-twenty years, during which period her reputation as a consummate vocalist and musician has never waned. During the latter half of this time, by her continual performances at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society and at the various great musical festivals in the provinces, she has earned for herself throughout Europe an acknowledgment of her claim to be considered the most perfect oratorio singer in the world. There are few connoisseurs who will not look back upon her exertions at the Handel Festival, and on other similar occasions at the Crystal Palace, as most extraordinary instances of legitimate and genuine effect produced in spite of disadvantages against which only an artist so complete, both in the requirements of voice and technical skill, could have successfully contended. To enlarge at any length, however, upon her merits would be only to repeat what every musician knows and unhesitatingly acknowledges. The delicious purity of tone and exquisite taste, the consummate skill of vocalization and unerring truth of intonation which uniformly distinguished Madame Novello's performances, are acknowledged facts in the musical world. If she had a fault, it was a certain coldness, which interfered, to some extent, with her success in compositions of an essentially dramatic character. The present, however, is no season for recalling imperfections which perhaps only an over-fastidious criticism would regard as such. Let us rather cherish the memory of so much that was great and true in art, and let us hope, though we can scarcely expect, that her loss may speedily be supplied by some worthy successor.

Madame Novello's varied powers were never perhaps displayed to more advantage than at this, her last appearance before a London public. Not that we can altogether commend the judgment evinced in the selection of a programme for so specially inter-

esting an occasion. Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, clever and musician-like as it is, was scarcely worthy, considering the circumstances, of engrossing so considerable a portion of the evening. Nor again do we think that the Ave Maria from *Lorely* should have been the last piece allotted to Madame Novello in the programme. We should, we confess, have preferred that our last impressions of the great singer should have been associated with some of those sacred songs through which she has been best known to the general public, and in which, with perhaps the exception of Jenny Lind, she has, in our generation at least, been without a rival. The well-worn scena, too, from *Oberon*—"Ocean, thou mighty monster"—has never been one of Madame Novello's most unqualified successes, although it would be almost hypercritical to endeavor to pick faults in what is, in the main, so great and genuine an exhibition of artistic excellence. The impulsive character, however, of this essentially dramatic composition was scarcely so well adapted for the display of Madame Novello's powers as something more distinctly and independently classical would have been, in which those special excellences which constitute the charm of her singing would have had a better field for their exercise. Yet nothing could be more exquisitely refined, or more truthful in feeling, in short, more nearly realizing absolute perfection, than her rendering of the song from *Le Nozzi di Figaro*, "Deh! Vieni," one of those delicious bits of melodious sentiment for which Mozart is unequalled.

The remainder of the miscellaneous portion of the programme we pass over without comment, as containing nothing of interest compared with Madame Novello's performances. The orchestra was excellent, and in its ranks we observed many of our most celebrated instrumentalists, who, for the evening, must have deserted the Opera Houses in order, by their presence, to do honor to one who, both as an artist and as a friend, has ever been regarded by them with the most affectionate sympathy and respect.

We regret to state that we believe it is Madame Novello's intention to leave England, and take up her permanent residence abroad, where she will resume that rank which only political troubles rendered it desirable she should for a time ignore. To those troubles, in one sense at least, we owe a debt of gratitude. But for them the world of music would have many years ago been deprived of services the loss of which it would have found it difficult, if not indeed absolutely impossible, to supply. It is with the sincerest wishes for her welfare and happiness that we bid this accomplished lady farewell.

POOR MARGARET.

POOR Margaret's window is alight;  
 Poor Margaret sits alone;  
 Though long into the silent night,  
 And far the world is gone.  
 She lives in shadow till her blood  
 Grows blackened, soul and all;  
 Upon her head a mourning hood,  
 Upon her heart a pall.

The stars come nightly out of heaven  
 Old darkness to beguile;  
 For her there is no healing given  
 To their sweet spirit-smile.  
 That honey dew of sleep the skies  
 In blessed balm let fall,  
 Comes not to her poor tired eyes,  
 Though it be sent for all.

At some dead flower, with fragrance faint,  
 Her life opes like a book;  
 Some old sweet music makes its plaint,  
 And, from the grave's dim nook,  
 The buried bud of hopes laid low,  
 Flowers in the night full-blown;  
 And little things of long ago  
 Come back to her full-grown.

Her heart is wandering in a whirl,  
 And she must seek the tomb  
 Where lies her long-lost little girl.  
 Oh, well with them for whom  
 Love's morning star comes round so fair  
 As evening star of faith,  
 Already up and shining, ere  
 The dark of coming death.

But Margaret cannot reach a hand  
 Beyond the dark of death;  
 Her spirit swoons in that high land  
 Where breathes no human breath:  
 She cannot look upon the grave  
 As one eternal shore,  
 From which a soul may take the wave  
 For heaven, to sail or soar.

Across that deep no sail unfurled  
 For her, no wings put forth;  
 She tries to reach the other world  
 By groping through the earth.  
 'Twas there the child went underground,  
 They parted in that place;  
 And ever since the mother found  
 The door shut in her face.

Though many effacing springs have wrapped  
 With green the dark grave-bed,  
 'Twas there the breaking heartstrings snapped,  
 As she let down her dead;  
 And there she gropes with wild heart yet,  
 For years, and years, and years;  
 Poor Margaret! and there she'll let  
 Her sorrows loose in tears.

All the young mother in her old voice  
 Its waking moan will make;  
 A young aurora light her eyes  
 With radiance gone to wreck!  
 And then at dawn she will return  
 To her old self again,  
 Eyes dim and dry, heart gray and dorn,  
 And querulous in her pain.

"We never loved each other much,  
 I and my poor good-man;  
 But on the child we lavished such  
 A love as overran  
 All boundaries, loving her the more  
 Because our love was pent;  
 Striving as two seas try to pour  
 Their strength through one small rent.

"For children come to still link hands,  
 When souls have fallen apart;  
 And hide the rift when either stands  
 At distance heart from heart.  
 So on our little one we'd look,  
 Press hands with fonder grasp,  
 As though we closed some holy book  
 Softly with golden clasp.

"And as the dark earth offers up  
 Her little winterling,  
 The crocus, pleading with its cup  
 Of hoarded gold, to bring  
 Down all the gray heaven's golden shower  
 Of spring to warm the sod;  
 So did we lift the winsome flower  
 That sprang from our dark clod.

"Our little Golden-heart, her name,  
 And all things sweet and calm,  
 And pure and fragrant, round her came  
 With gifts of bloom and balm.  
 And there she grew, my queen of all,  
 Goldeh, and saintly white,  
 Just as at summer's smiling call  
 The lily stands alight.

"To knee or nipple grew the goal  
 Of her wee stately walk;  
 The voice of my own silent soul  
 Was her dear baby-talk.  
 Then darklingly she pined and failed.  
 And looking on our dead,  
 The father wailed awhile and ailed,  
 Turned to the wall and said:—

"'Tis dark and still our house of life,  
 The fire is burning low,  
 Our pretty one is gone, and, wife,  
 'Tis time for me to go:  
 Our Golden-heart has gone to sleep,  
 She's hopped in for the night;  
 And so to bed I'll quietly creep,  
 And sleep till morning light."

Once more poor Margaret arose,  
 And passed into the night:  
 Long shadows weird of tree and house  
 Made ghosts i' the wan moonlight!  
 She passed into the churchyard, where  
 The many glad life-waves  
 That leaped of old, have stood still there,  
 In green and grassy graves.

"Oh, would my body were at rest  
 Under this cool grave sward!  
 Oh, would my soul were with the blest,  
 That slumber in the Lord!  
 They sleep so sweetly underground,  
 For death hath shut the door,  
 And all the world of sorrow and sound  
 Can trouble them no more.



A spirit feel is in the place,  
 That makes the poor heart gasp :  
 Her soul stands white up in her face  
 For one warm human clasp !  
 To-night she sees the grave astir,  
 And, as in prayer she kneels,  
 The mystery opens unto her :  
 She for the first time feels  
 The spirit world may be as near  
 Her, moving silent round,  
 As are the dead that sleep a mere  
 Short fathom underground.  
 And there be eyes that see the sight  
 Of lorn ones wandering, vexed  
 Through some long, sad, and shadowy night  
 Betwixt this world and next.  
 Doorways of fear are eye and ear,  
 Through which the wonders go ;  
 And through the night with glow-worm light,  
 The church is all aglow !  
 There comes a waft of sabbath hymn ;  
 She enters : all the air  
 With faces fills, divine and dim,  
 The blessed dead are there.  
 One came and bade poor Margaret sit,  
 Seemed to her as it smiled,  
 A great white bird of God alit  
 From the marble forest wild.  
 "Look to the altar !" there a spell  
 Fixed her ; she saw up start  
 A woman, like a soul in hell :  
 'Twas her own Golden-heart.  
 "It would have been *thus*, mother dear,  
 And so God took her, from  
 All trials and temptations here,  
 To his eternal home ;  
 And you shall see her in a place  
 Where death can never part."  
 She looked up in that angel's face :  
 'Twas her own Golden-heart.  
 The lofty music rose again  
 From all those happy souls,  
 Till all the windows thrilled, as when  
 The organ thunder rolls ;  
 And all her life is like a light  
 Weak weed the stream doth sway  
 Until it reaches its full height,  
 Breaks, and is borne away.  
 Her life stood still to listen to  
 That music ! then a hand  
 Took hers, and she was floated through  
 The mystic border-land.  
 'Twas Golden-heart ! from that eclipse  
 She drew her into bliss :  
 Two spirits closed at dying lips,  
 In one immortal kiss.  
 Next day, an early worshipper  
 Was kneeling in the aisle ;  
 A statue of life that did not stir,  
 But knelt on with a smile  
 Upon the face that smiled with light,  
 As though, when left behind,  
 It smiled on with some glorious sight,  
 Long after the eyes were blind.

—All the Year Round.

NAPLES—1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF  
 BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, Helen Waterston, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone :—

"Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,  
 And let her henceforth be  
 A messenger of love between  
 Our human hearts and thee."

—Eds. Independent.]

I GIVE thee joy !—I know to thee  
 The dearest spot on earth must be  
 Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea.

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb  
 The land of Virgil gave thee room  
 To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when thy sky shut down  
 Behind thee on the gleaming town,  
 On Baïæ's baths and Posilippo's crown ;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day  
 Burned Ischia's mountain lines away  
 And Capri melted in its sunny bay.

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot  
 The sharp pang of a bitter thought  
 That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest  
 In giving thy beloved rest,  
 Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave  
 Was freedom's prophecy, and gave  
 The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear  
 The unchained city sends its cheer  
 And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear.

Ring Victor in. The land sits free  
 And happy by the summer sea,  
 And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain  
 The languid smile that follows pain,  
 Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun again.

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call  
 From Camaldoli's convent wall  
 And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines  
 And olives, like the breath of pines  
 Blown downward from the breezy Appenines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath,  
 Rejoice as one who witnesseth  
 Beauty from ashes rise and life from death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,  
 Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain  
 Writing the grave with flowers : "Arisen  
 again !"